

The War Cry



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND & BERMUDA

No. 3119. Price Five Cents

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1944

Benjamin Oramas, Commissioner



[Photo by Malak, Ottawa]

"Blest Work! If Thou Be Curse of God, What Must His Blessings Be?"

Sermons Without Texts

THE MADNESS OF SIN

By HENRY F. MILANS, O.F.

WHILE in the nation's Capitol recently I was taken back over some of the sections where I had played as a freckle-faced, redheaded, barefoot boy. There were few parts of the city that I did not live in from the night Lincoln was assassinated until, in 1881, I migrated to the city of New York.

Many changes have been made in Washington during the years. The old church in whose primary class I first learned to lisp, "Jesus loves me, this I know," is being demolished to make way for more government buildings. But the little one-room school where I learned my "AB, ABC," is still serving some purpose in a very poor section.

UP in the Capitol Park, on the Senate side, I could easily pick out the spot where I upset the dignified Senator Charles Sumner, one of the greatest men of his time, with a husky homemade sled, that was "beating all records" down the narrow board incline behind him. His mind was pre-occupied with his proposed Constitutional Amendment that was to give equal rights to the Negro race, while mine was concentrated upon beating a bright red store-bought "Racer," that was coming behind me on round steel runners like a streak of lightning. The Senator would not get out of my way; if I tried to avoid him I would be run down by the "Racer." So I shut my eyes, ducked my red head and let 'er go. I could recall, as I again stood on that spot seventy-five years after the tragedy, a fleeting glimpse of long legs and arms, a high top-hat and an umbrella, spreading around in the air over me like a Nazi swastika, as I shot on my way. Somehow, a certain sense of distinction stole through me as I looked back to that event in my young career.

BUT, what I set out to tell you about was a chance meeting I had in a little neighborhood park, where homeless men drowsed away lazy hours. Maybe the green bench I sat on was a ghost of the one on which I, too, slept off a drunk in my 'teen age.

The old man at the other end of the bench on which I sat down to rest a moment, looked as if his time was about up. Poor old fellow, I pitied him. Suddenly he sensed

the fact that he had company and looking my way, saw my little Red Shield.

"How do you do, Major," he ventured. "You belong over at Sixth and E?" (meaning Washington Corps No. 1.)

"No, I belong in New York."

Back and forth we swapped monosyllables until it came out that my bench mate was the son of a fine gentleman who held a responsible government position in my earlier years. This was the youngest son; his brothers had been my intimates. We were daily newspaper printers. The last time I met this younger son was in front of the New York Sun building, when he wangled ten dollars out of me by means of a telegram that summoned him home to the deathbed of his father.

Questioning drew out the fact that this son had inherited quite a sum of money through his father's will—which only greased well the toboggan slide that finally landed him a completely finished old bum at the end of his sinful career.

Garnet D's recital of how he had spent his inheritance recalled to my mind a runaway I once saw. Two fine horses attached to a big van were left standing on the brow of a hill near my home. A piece of paper blown across the street was enough to fill them with fear, and off they started down the hill at a mad pace. The greater the racket made by the big van at their heels the harder they ran, blind to all sense of direction or control. These horses that were docile enough under the guidance of reins in expert hands, criss-crossed the street; now up on the sidewalk where under other conditions they would never have gone. Under control they always rounded corners with exactness; left to their mad selves they crashed into light poles

Worry Not

WORRY not, my doubting friends.
It only meets with ruthless ends,
It also fosters many ills,
And if not mastered, often kills,
And this you should remember, too,
It means naught else but grief to you.
"O ye of little faith" beware
Lest sorrow chase thee everywhere.

and buildings and other obstacles, until finally the big van was a wreck, the harness in tatters and they lay cut and bleeding, a bad mess made of everything.

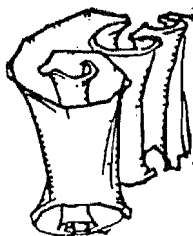
This fittingly illustrates the man's story to me, told with a frankness born of hopelessness. "Garnet," said I, "maybe it was God who sent me into this park to rest a moment beside you. I guess He wanted me to tell you that I, too, hit the bottom just as you have and just as hard. But when I honestly asked Him for help He helped me, and I have been sober and decent these many years. He is the only way out for you, too."

I told Garnet of the many drunkards I had seen saved; of the fine converts of our Slum Corps. But he acted as if he could not understand; and when I prayed for him he merely said, dreamily: "Thank you, Henry," and he arose and left me without another word.

MANY of us have suffered temptations that made us deaf to His pleading and blind to all consequences. When the paroxysm passed we were prostrated and hurt terribly. But God, like the driver of that big van, quieted us lovingly, washed our wounds and soon we were ready to go on again after the ache in our hearts had been healed.

Garnet's mad runaway, like the van horses, had left him stunned to what it had done to him. But I know where mail will reach him, and my appeals and encouragement are continuing through that silent and sometimes effective ministry.

God always seems to find something for me to do no matter where I go. How can we willing Christians ever retire?



DAILY DEVOTIONS

— HELPFUL THOUGHTS FROM GOD'S WORD —



SUNDAY: Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work.—Ex. 20:9, 10.

A Chinese preacher, speaking of robbing God, used this illustration: "It came to pass that a man went to market with a string of seven coins. Seeing a beggar who asked for alms, he gave the poor man six of the coins and kept one for himself. The beggar, instead of being thankful, followed the good man and stole the seventh coin also. What an abominable wretch! Yes, and would you, to whom God has given six days, steal the seventh also?"

*Hail, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free.*

MONDAY: I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless. 1 Thess. 5:23.

During the Renaissance a German pastor wrote a hymn, quoted below

in part, in which his faith for holy living was expressed. Purity of the whole being is not too much to expect if washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

*Let evil thoughts and spirits
flee before us,
In soul and body Thou from
harm defend us.
Serving Thee only, and in all
our doing
Thy praise pursuing.*

TUESDAY: The Lord knoweth them that are His.—2 Tim. 2:19.

Just seven words, but what a precious message they form. The Christian who has them engraven by faith upon his soul can face anything. Here, in this changing, bewildering world, is stability.

*Peace, doubting heart, my God's
I am,
Who formed me man, forbid
my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my
name;*

*The Lord protects, for ever
near;
His Blood for me did once
atone,
And still He loves and guards
His own.*

WEDNESDAY: It is finished. John 19:30.

Oh, what a shout of Victory that was! The years of contemplation of the Cross; months of loneliness, misunderstanding, rejection and finally acceptance of the torments attendant upon His sacrifice of self were all ended, and Christ was more than conqueror. In a greatly modified sense the world's cry, "It is finished," will be one of stupendous, almost numbing relief when this conflict is past.

*Do you, comrades, feel at times
a bit downhearted
When in the fight all looks
dark, and the foe seems
fierce and strong?
At such times I find my fear has
all departed,
When I remember that day
coming on.*

THURSDAY: He shall give His angels charge over thee.—Psa. 91:11.

There comes a time when loved ones in danger-areas must be left entirely in the Lord's care; we can guard them no longer. Then promises such as this one uplift loving hearts separated by the call of duty, for whether they be spared for each other or one be taken by death, they remain as one in the Lord's good keeping.

*Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears.
(Continued on page 10)*

Working Men
Want

Unfailing Protection

FOR:

themselves and dependents
present and future
material and spiritual needs

Absolute Protection

Is offered now without cost

The only requirements are:

a contrite spirit
a willing mind
a believing heart

Through Jesus, man's Deliverer,
Almighty God is able to forgive
sin, give His Spirit and verify
every promise in the life of all
who will believe.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda.
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A LABOR DAY MEDITATION

The Master's Tools

A CARPENTER'S shop is a fascinating place. There was one in the north of Ireland I can never forget, a very favorite resort of my sister and myself on wet days. We spent hours watching the young carpenter at work, or playing with tool and wood. We listened to the blood-curdling stories he told of ghost or midnight marauder, about which we dreaded to dream at night, though we would not have missed the hearing for worlds.

This carpenter's shop was large, light and airy. It was the smaller of the two that formed part of the buildings circling the large yard. It faced the cow-byre and hay loft and entrance to the stables. To the right lay the sheep yard, more hay lofts and farm machines innumerable, under large sheds. To the left the iron gates shutting off the public road, and beyond these a wide sweep of fowl and turkey runs, etc. In the centre of the yard stood a low, good-sized room used on Sundays for meetings and Sunday-school, to which the tenantry and cottagers and some of the gentry came from miles round. Beyond this yard was the large house of the owner of the estate.

The larger of the carpenter's shops we seldom entered. It was used by a father and son, but the smaller was inhabited only by the young carpenter, who always made us welcome and with whom we felt entirely at home and not at all in the way.

Johnnie was a hunchback and so short. He had a merry face, curly black hair, Irish green eyes and a smile that was mysterious and fascinating. He was full of humor and innocent jokes.

It was an education to watch him plane a plank of wood. The sweet-smelling, smooth, wafer-like shavings curled off under every sweep of the plane, carried by the left hand in the same sweeping motion to the pile upon the floor, which often curled up to his knees.

We watched breathlessly the adjusting of the plane with eye and hammer. A tap here, another there, then held to the eye, a further tap on the end and again the yellow shavings curled away under the swift hand, with rhythmical precision.

Then Johnnie worked the lathe. We loved to see the wood spinning so fast that it was impossible to follow its movement until the chisel was held against it, at first one angle then another, till a wonderful table leg or ornamentation for a gate was evolved out of the rough lump of wood we had seen fixed before the lathe and the foot and the hand and chisel

Possessing quick imagination and a sense of beauty in design, the glassblower, skilled in the use of his instruments, fashions the charming products of his craft



all began their work. How beautifully round and smooth it felt to the touch.

There were the saws, big and little, the rules and Tee squares, compasses for measurement and the spirit level to test the evenness of a surface, clamps that held the wood to the bench, hammers and bulky mallets of all shapes and sizes, pin-cers, the sawdewing apparatus and a hundred and one other tools of which I hardly heard the names and certainly never remembered them.

The delight of watching was largely due to the fact that things were being made. You saw them to begin with in one condition, and after a time they turned into something else.

It all looked so easy in Johnnie's hands that, of course, we wanted to do the same, so sometimes we were allowed to amuse ourselves with saw, plane, chisel and lathe. We soon found out these were all difficult arts that had to be acquired by much practice. Our unskilled hands dug into the wood with the plane or left its surface untouched. The saw stuck and would not go up or down, the chisel ran along the wood and made no impression on the whirling roughness in the lathe.

Encouraged to Renewed Effort

In the hunchback's hands it all looked so easy; we sighed and would have given up trying had he not encouraged and laughed us into renewed effort. I have often been thankful to Johnnie since, for what I learned in the carpenter's shop.

The hunchback was eighteen years of age and after he had told tales he would sing some of the hymns he knew, in his deep voice.

The only child of his mother, who was a widow, he had given her much cause for anxiety until he got converted in the room in the yard when a Revivalist was holding some special meetings.

This young carpenter often reminded me of the Lord Jesus Christ. How Jesus must have loved the carpenter's shop where He worked! I am sure He never thought it degrading to work there, nor that He was condescending in doing so.

In a carpenter's shop there is always a variety of clean, healthy employment, not of mechanical exactitude and monotony but an employment full of scope for nearly every power of mind. It wants thought, concentration, skill, invention; it wants a good eye, a steady hand, a controlled will, a wise judgment, a nicety and exactitude of calculation that brings into play many powers of touch and mind.

I read the other day that it takes three years to make an efficient planer and that a saw is so touchy a tool that its manufacture is a trade to itself.

Perhaps our Lord, as He grew up and became an expert in His work, handling first one tool and then another with a masterly touch, saw the vision of the Ages ahead, when He, the Creator of the Universe, should fashion the work of His hands according to the ideal in His mind. Could He look down the ages and see the end from the beginning, the finished work He came to accomplish — the redemption of man? Did He picture man remade in God's image, recut, repolished, set in his right place? We know He must have. Did He see how in His hands human instruments should be used by Him to carry out His work, that many tools of different types and kinds and powers would be required, which if controlled by His own hands would execute His purpose and carry out His designs and do His will, till the redeemed throng from all tribes and nations and tongues should be gathered into the presence of His Father and theirs? Did He see the building Eternal in the heavens, wrought out of earth's waste material? Did He feel as He planed and the yellow shavings flew, as He turned the lathe to make furniture for village homes, as He held the spirit level to the plank or adjusted the steel knife of the plane with perfect eye and precise touch, that He was preparing and using instruments in the making of that Temple in the Heavens?

Surely if such thoughts suggest themselves to us, they must have to Him.

As I used to sit in the carpenter's shop and watch the little hunchback at work, I did not think these thoughts, but I always thought the hunchback must have some close resemblance to Christ just because he was a carpenter, and I used to try and picture the Saviour in His place at His work.

The bench in the centre was always scattered with the tools most frequently in use. Some were in the pockets of the white linen apron, many hung on the walls or were suspended from the side of the bench, in which drawers containing the much needed nails and screws lay. Blessed carpenter's shop, with its common tools and exquisitely set instruments, hallowed for ever by the memory of that other Carpenter who raised common work for ever to the high level of purpose, transformed by the personality of the worker.

(Continued on page 10)

THE GOLDEN TRACK TO GOD

TO labor rightly and earnestly is to walk in the golden track that leads to God. It is to adopt the regimen of manhood and womanhood. It is to come into sympathy with the great struggle of humanity toward perfection. It is to adopt the fellowship of all the great and good the world has ever known.—J. G. Holland.

OUR READERS WRITE on Varied Themes V-O-I-C-E-S

By COMANDANT M. BURRY (R)

Voice of Conscience

CONSCIENCE—what is it? "Conscience," said one, "is the testimony and secret judgment of the soul which gives its approbation to actions that it thinks good, or reproaches itself with that which it believes to be evil."

I do not think that any better definition than that could be found. With many of us, however, what conscience is can better be felt than explained. Who has not, at some time or other, heard it whispering its approval of some worthy act, or felt its stinging rebuke of some evil thing?

Herod, hearing of Jesus, said, "This is John the Baptist whom I beheaded." Evidently he had not forgotten his wicked deed. Nor, I venture to say, was that the only time he was face to face with it. What a troublesome thing conscience becomes when, in the stillness of the night, the voice will not be silenced.

I read a story of two men who put up for a night at a certain tavern. Early in the morning they absconded without reckoning with their host, and they also stole from him a bag of beans. Some years later, passing that way, they again obtained lodging at the same inn. One evening the old landlord, being still at his post, was busy in one corner of the room talking in a suppressed voice with a neighbor about a swarm of bees. The two dishonest guests, in another part of the room, indistinctly heard the talk about bees and one said to the other, "Did he not say beans?" "I think he did," was the reply, and quickly they took themselves off.

Now, it was not so much their imperfect hearing as their guilty consciences that made "bees" sound like "beans." "Conscience," said one, "makes cowards of us all."

Conscience, I fear, can be entirely destroyed. A man to whom I spoke a short time ago when visiting the hospital, admitted that he was not saved. "But," I said, "are you satisfied to go out into Eternity like that?" "It doesn't trouble me at all," he replied. And his apparent indifference only gave emphasis to what he said.

Conscience needs to be taken care

A WORK OF MERCY

(From the Oliver Chronicle and Osoyoos Observer)

THE Salvation Army Red Shield Women's Auxiliary is endeavoring to collect one and a half million garments to be used to help clothe the destitute in Europe after the war.

The Army, in its work of mercy, has given its pledge that these necessities will be forthcoming. Bedding, hospital supplies, and comforts of every kind are asked for, in addition to clothing for these helpless sufferers.

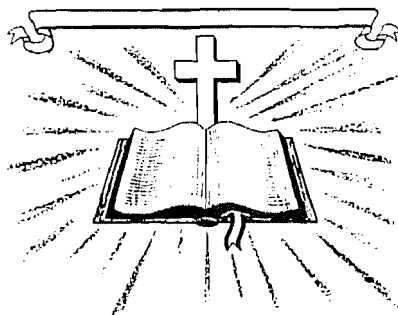
Magnificent Opportunity

Women anxious to do something toward the relief of the millions in Europe have a splendid opportunity under the auspices of The Army's Red Shield Auxiliary. They can spread good-will by helping the unfortunate people of war-torn lands to get a fresh start.

of. "Herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men," said Paul. "I feel within me a peace above all earthly disquiet, a still and quiet conscience," added Shakespeare.

Voice of Affliction

THIS voice is often heard and, almost as often, misunderstood. "Strange," said one to me, "that so good a Christian should have to suffer so." "I see nothing strange about it," I replied. "It is nature's decree, and probably we



Light In Life's Pathway

THE ETERNAL PURSUIT

WHITHER shall I flee from Thy presence? . . . If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me.

Psalm 139:7-9-10.

shall come to it at some time, and in some form or other."

"We must all needs die, and are as water spilt upon the ground"—a fact of which we are all aware; and death, in almost every case, is preceded by a time of suffering. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you," wrote Paul to Peter. Painful enough, it may be, but strange, no.

There are, of course, trials other than physical sufferings which are no less painful. We seldom see the "why and wherefore," until afterwards. "I can not understand why I should be kept like this. I can not see of what use it can be," said one to me. This is generally the case; "we see through a glass darkly," and because sight fails, faith fails, too. This is disastrous. God has a plan for every one of His children, and sees the end from the beginning and knows what He will do.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain.
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

There are many instances in the Bible, and out of it, too, which illustrate the hymn-writer's lines. "Master," enquired the disciples, "who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" They too, were under a misapprehension, thinking for sure that somebody had sinned and that the man's blindness was the result. Jesus answered, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be manifest in him."

It is clear, then, that God had deliberately foreordained that this man should be born blind, and His purpose for so doing is equally clear. When we read the story through we see how gloriously the whole purpose was accomplished. "Hard on the poor man," does some one say? "Half a life-time without sight." Well, I am not at all inclined to believe that the man himself felt so, and certainly his physical blindness worked out to his eternal good.

When Jacob's sons returned from their first visit to Egypt where they had gone to buy food, and told him that not only had they left Simeon behind, but that they could see the Governor's face no more "except their younger brother be with them," their father, unwilling to let the lad go, said, "Me ye have bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye would take Benjamin away; all these things are against me." How little he knew what was in store for him. Listen to Joseph: "Be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life." God's purpose was thus fulfilled.

"Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and seen the end of the Lord"—the "end," or as it seems to me, the design of the Lord in afflicting him. Job, terribly stricken, misunderstood, misjudged, and even abused, said, "I will hold fast my integrity . . . though He slay me, I will trust Him. . . . When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." He did so, and failed not.

Hear God's own testimony regarding him: "Ye (his critics) hath not spoken of Me the thing that is right, as My servant Job hath. And God blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."

Oh, to have the smile, approval, testimony and double blessing of God, as Job had! Do we wonder that Enoch kept on for three hundred years walking with God, when we read, "He had this testimony (that is, as it seems to me, the inward witness) that He pleased God?"

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

When through fiery trials thy
pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be
thy supply.
The flames shall not hurt thee;
I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy
gold to refine.

Meeting Folks

Oh the people that we meet
While going up and down the
street
Selling War Crys!

People who are kind to us—
People who are blind to us—
Those who have no mind for us—
Selling War Crys!

Let us one great war begin,
On the hearts of those within
Houses we must entrance win,
As we sell The War Cry!

E.A.P.

"TWO M.P.'S AS SALVATIONISTS"

UNDER the above caption "The English Churchman and St. James' Chronicle" carries the following interesting story:

"When Colonel Sir Thomas Moore, M.P., handed over his home in Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, London, to The Salvation Army as a Red Shield Club for the duration, he told how as a small boy he gave his mother no rest until she embroidered 'Salvation Army' across his jersey and let him go and stand by the girl-Captain in the village where he lived. Ever since then he said 'The Army has never let me down.'"

"Later in the day Mr. George Griffiths was introduced as a 'Salvation Army Member of Parliament,' and began his address by saying, 'I was converted at a quarter to nine on May 12, 1895.' Mr. Griffiths served for a time as a Salvation Army Officer, later as a Sunday School superintendent. He is a frequent visitor at the early morning prayers at the Canadian Red Shield Club in Central London."

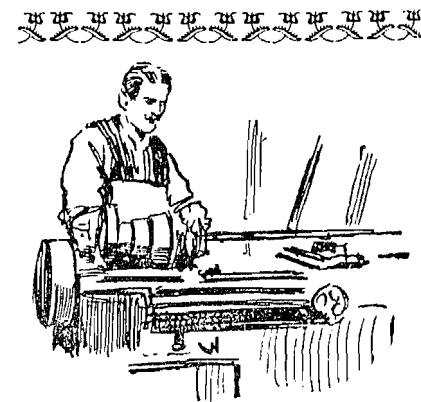
P-PLANE ITEMS

FORTY - ONE Salvation Army Halls in Southern England were damaged by P-plane incidents, to the end of July, according to the London War Cry.

Women's Social Work—all well, no casualties, though many "close-to's" at various places. For deliverances, many grateful hearts! Men's Social Work—no further damage, no casualties.

Reported to Canadian Supervisor

ANOTHER Italian Salvation Army Officer has been located. He is Captain Alfredo Salvatore, who made himself known to a Canadian Supervisor with the troops in Italy.



Labor, wide as the
Universe, has its sum-
mit in heaven; it is the
noblest thing yet dis-
covered beneath God's
skies. —Carlyle.

A Canadian Officer, in India, Major T. Burr, affords day-by-day glimpses of his many-sided work at a Red Shield rest home for servicemen in the Nilgiris hill country.

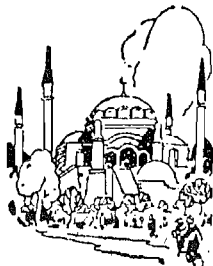
May 6: Went to the hospital in the afternoon for a brief visit, and prayed with a Scotsman, a very sick boy, whose twenty-fifth birthday it was.

May 7: Hiked to the "Droog," about twelve miles distant. Clouds threatened to obscure everything; but when we reached the summit we were rewarded with a magnificent view. The party, that is, the boys (servicemen) and I, had lunch and tea on the way up, and on the way back a tea planter showed us over his factory, following which we had a sumptuous repast at his bungalow.

May 13: Spoke on India at our Song Service this evening, and showed some pictures. We gave some account of our experiences during the past twenty-three years, and also made reference to British rule and present conditions in India. The boys were obviously interested.

May 14: At the hospital I was particularly interested in a soldier who has had sixteen years in the Army, and was at Dunkirk. "I never prayed before," he said, "but I prayed then, and have done ever since."

A lady, whose husband is in Iraq, is staying with us for a little time; also her two children. Through the influence of Salvation Army Officers at Satara, she had become converted. In one of his letters her husband told her he had books on every subject in the library where he was. She wrote him one day, and said, "We have left out the most important book of all, and now



Devoted Missionaries Brighten Sojourn of Servicemen in India

I am reading it—the Bible." A letter from her husband crossed hers. He also had purchased a Bible and started reading it, so now there is oneness of spirit between them.

June 23: A Salvationist who was with us a little while ago, writes a letter of thanks from a far-off camp. He mentions having felt the urge to do some personal work, and of having contacted a boy from his home town, who was a church member, and had been to Army meetings. When asked if he had accepted Christ, he said, "No; often I have almost decided." "Now," says this comrade writing to us, "I have a soul to win!"

June 24: In the Station Orders, recently, was this paragraph: "Owing to shortage of pins in this country, only a small proportion of this article will be supplied . . . for the rest, cactus or acacia thorns should be utilized."

June 29: Here is an excerpt from a Salvationist, one of three

who had spent their leave with us:

"... Rest assured we have not forgotten our stay at Windermere; we have lived the times over again—it was such a joy to be 'at home' . . . I have been through quite a difficult time of late. God, in His goodness, directed us to Windermere; and our stay put new life into me. I had nearly lost faith in everyone; the devil had successfully bowled me over, but the homely atmosphere, your great kindness, and the grand fellowship gave me a new hope; and last Sunday week God had all there was of I.D."

Such letters go to show what these boys have to contend with, and how much they need all the help and encouragement we can give them.

July 5: Two services at the hospital. "Bill" assisted me, and in the song service at the Home in the evening he gave a very acceptable talk based on Psalm 23. Bill is an outstanding Salvationist; wears a

red guernsey under his tunic, and lets everybody know who and what he is.

July 19: News! It came as a great relief to get our first news of our son, Charlie, after a lapse of six and a half weeks. An airgraph informed us he had reached "the first port in Australia" to which country he has gone to finish his education.

July 23: A special leave party of thirty-five has been taking up all our available accommodation; but now at short notice they are being recalled to duty, cutting short their leaves. Many of them were present at our song service to-night at which the garrison chaplain and the station staff officer were our guests. It was fine to have our big sitting-room full, this being the last night for many of them. Our two favorite choruses were sung, "He careth for you," and "Whisper a prayer," and another was introduced, "Help each other along." The chaplain gave an interesting account of the life of Sadu Sunder Singh, "who



spent so much of his life in helping others—his own countrymen."

July 24: This morning three big lorries came to take the boys to their destination on the plains. The remaining seven lads came with me on a hike to Chandramulla. There had been a thunder-storm in the night, and the weather looked doubtful; but we decided to carry out our program. Taking lunch, kettle, etc., we struck across the hills. We were well on the way when a servant met us at the entrance to a large tea estate with a message. It transpired that some time after we had gone my wife was horrified to find we had left tea and sugar behind. A phone message to the planter's wife away on the hill-side soon put the matter right, and the servant had been sent to meet us with the missing articles. This tickled us all immensely; it was like Stanley meeting Livingstone, expressed one of the boys afterwards. Presently we pitched camp, and were enjoying the special brand of tea sent to us. Clouds threatened to spoil the view from the mountain-top, but after a short wait they drifted past, and a magnificent view was obtained of the surrounding hills and the plains far below. Later, we had tea at the planter's bungalow, and were afterwards brought by car seven miles on the homeward way. The boys were loud in their praises of the day.

Divine Protection



The avenue leading to Pomona Institute is lined with citrus trees and palms

Welcomed in the Tropics

Now at The Army-managed Pomona Boys' Home, Major and Mrs. Victor Underhill, Canadian Officers, offer the following glimpses of their work of youth-reclamation in British Honduras:

In the Tropics, the Lord is our Helper in a special sense, and how miraculously He delivers and preserves us! I do not know how many times I have just missed being stung by the dreaded scorpion, and other insects with painful and dangerous bites. Only this week while sorting clothing I saw a very large scorpion on one of the garments I had been handling.

We always pray for the Lord's protection over the boys, for they work bare-footed in long grass, and in the bush. Every week they kill and bring to the house, snakes six and seven feet long! Surely the Lord answers prayer and gives His angels charge over us all.

The heat just now is very trying, but the welcome rains have come

and vegetation is not so parched.

We have the peak number of seventy boys in the school, which is fearfully overcrowded, and plans for building three new, up-to-date, separate units to house twenty-five boys each are occupying much time and thought.

Sowing the Seed

On a recent Decision Sunday twenty boys voluntarily decided for Christ. We use very little persuasion, but we carefully follow up each decision with quiet talks and personal work. I think I do my best work in our quiet little hospital. When a laddie is sick he welcomes a quiet talk or a suitable Bible portion placed in his hands.

The school is so isolated that the whole of its life, and indeed the district, centres round the Officers here. We are not where it is "big and bright," but we are happy to be where God wants us, and reckon we have an unparalleled opportunity.

Having started a Home League for the women up the Valley and

the nearby district, we have now a delightful group of fifteen women who meet weekly in the school-chapel. How they love the League! We put on our own programs for which all the women volunteer to take part, and to "do" an item. West Indians do not suffer from shyness.

When Colonel H. Hodgson, the Territorial Commander, accompanied by Adjutant Tucker, visited us, we had a wonderful time of power and blessing. Our War Cry gave this account of their inspiring sojourn here and at Stann Creek which, although on the mainland, by reason of forest and marsh cannot be reached from Belize, the capital, except by a five-hour sail. From Stann Creek to Pomona is some fourteen miles by road.

POMONA is a name renowned in the Colony, for there is situated the Boys' Industrial Home which has, for some years, been successfully operated by The Army and thereby won the approval, in a marked way, of the general public. Mrs. Major Underhill, the Matron (Major Underhill is Manager in addition to being Sectional Officer) welcomed the

late-comers, for it was now night, into the quarters which is built high from the ground because of floods, animals and snakes.

The boys were going about their tasks in a methodical, although apparently not irksome, manner. These included agricultural work, carpentry (under the direction of a skilled tradesman), baking bread, hulling rice, preparing starch from cassava root, shelling peas, tailoring garments, processing cooking oil from coconut, making mattresses, and other work. Later in the day they could be seen throwing themselves with utter abandonment into supervised games. In the cool of the evening they spend some time at school lessons.

Constantly we realize the need for the Christ-like touch in all our work. At times one feels that teaching a small boy to keep his person and his clothes clean, or showing him how to weed a patch of rice, is not actually "preaching the Gospel," but when one looks more closely it does seem as if Christ, our Lord, would be doing it if it needed to be done!

It is over nine years since we were home in Canada, but, in God's good time He will open the way for a longed-for furlough.

We send our warmest greetings to all Canadian comrades.

COMMUNION WITH GOD

THE Shepherd Heart

P RAYER must ever be regarded as a priceless privilege. It has an important bearing not only upon our personal experience, but also upon our work for God. In this day of activity and energy there is a danger, it is to be feared, of many people overlooking the necessity for prayer. Prayer is essential to our growth in grace. Indeed, the moment we cease to pray is the moment we begin spiritually to die.

A busy man does not stop to eat because he happens to have time, but because he knows he must do so to maintain his strength and prolong his life. Hence he makes time for it, even though he may grudge it. So, when we realize that prayer is the soul's food, and as such is necessary to its development, we shall make time to pray.

Prayer is essential to victory over temptation. "Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees." He knows that communion with God opens the treasure-house of heaven and brings down that divine unction which is at once the secret and source of victory.

Our Master Himself, when on the earth, found it needful to spend whole nights alone with God, and if He, the Son of God, the perfect Man, had recourse to this, how much more necessary it is that we, with all our natural imperfections and weaknesses, should realize its necessity and importance.

Prayer is essential to successful work for God. We should not only be anxious to grow in the likeness of God ourselves and conquer our own temptations to evil, but we also should be desirous of co-operating with God for the salvation of men; and to do effectual work of this kind, prayer is a necessity.

All soul-savers have been men of prayer. Look at the wonderful records of Whitefield, Fletcher, Finney, Caughey — the feature that stands out pre-eminently in the lives of such mighty soul-savers as these is the importance they attached to communion with God, and the time they spent in this exercise. Indeed, the history of all great revivals of religion may be traced back to the prayers of some earnest pleader with God.

Has not prayer always played an important part in the history of

Tired? Harassed? Burdened?—Try Prayer. It Can Change Persons As Well As Things!

God's people? Most of the great events recorded in the Bible are associated with the prayers of God's servants.

Lot is spared at the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah for the sake of Abraham, who had prayed so earnestly and importunately on his behalf. The Children of Israel, when threatened with immediate destruction for their sin during their wanderings in the wilderness, were



saved in answer to Moses' self-sacrificing pleadings for them. The prophets were all men of prayer. And so we might go on recalling from the sacred pages innumerable instances of the power and efficacy of prayer; but enough has been said to very clearly prove its necessity.

Follower of Christ, consider the effects of prayer upon your life and work. You will come out from the audience-chamber of the King with a realization of God and divine things that will enable you to see with supernatural eyes, and will lift you above the difficulties, temptations and conflicts that surround you, and will cause you to triumph through the faith which has come by prayer.

Prayer will give you power over the hearts and consciences of men, who will feel that you come to them with a message from God. They will receive it as such and will open their hearts to the influences of the Holy Spirit, who is working through you to bring about their conviction and conversion.

Further, you will teach others to pray. Example is one of the greatest sources of power, and when men and women see that you are one who pleads and prevails with God they will be inspired with a like spirit.

Conditions of Effectual Prayer

And now, having seen the necessity for prayer, the possibilities in it of influencing God Himself on your behalf and its mighty effects upon your life and work, it would be as well to consider briefly the characteristics or conditions of effectual prayer.

The first condition is that we do not regard iniquity in our hearts. David said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." There is no hope, therefore, of getting our prayers answered, or indeed of their reaching the ear of God, if there is any unconfessed sin, any covered-up wrong, any ill-feeling or grudge in the heart. Jesus

Himself, in the model prayer He taught His disciples, bade them pray, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

There can be no successful prayer without submission, resignation and that spirit which pleads and holds on, yet saying in all things, "If it be Thy will . . . but Lord, Thou knowest what is best; let Thy will be done." Nothing is more important than this submission to the Divine will, this acceptance of all that comes to one as sent or allowed by the providence of an all-wise, all-powerful and all-loving God.

Importunity is an essential to effectual prayer. It is those who wrestle with God, who continue to struggle and agonize, who knock and will not be denied that for which they plead, who finally prevail. Jesus said, "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force."

Then, finally, there must be simple, appropriating faith. To faith, the promise is equal to the fulfillment. It is, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Whatever else we can or cannot do, we can all pray, and through prayer accomplish marvellous things for God and for wandering souls.

T HE shepherd heart, by Christ revealed

In changing times and scenes,
Is by Him stressed, for those He loves
Who walk by Heavenly streams.
He cannot walk the earth to-day
In human form, so He
Would choose His shepherds of the flock
From cleansed humanity.

"His touch has still its ancient pow'r,"
His voice is heard again
In human hearts: "Go, feed My lambs
And save them from sin's pain:
The ravening wolf is near at hand
The Father's flock to tear.
Care for the sheep, but bear the lambs
In love's arms everywhere."

A youthful teacher hears this plea
And, on her bended knee,
She gives herself to feed the lambs
And bring security
To those who look to her for aid
In perils, and for food.
She cannot fail the lambs she loves.
She seeks their highest good.

And so she bears them up in prayer
To Christ, her Shepherd-King,
And asks for wisdom in her task
That she the lambs may bring
In safety to the Father's fold
When night's dark shadows fall.
Sin's wolves are out to rend the flock,
But Christ is more than all.—E.A.

WISPS OF WISDOM

T HE man who dies for an opinion is a fool; the man who dies for the truth is a martyr.

mount! It will make me strong and glad
all the rest of the day so well begun.
Dr. Joseph Parker.

Is there a great barrier across your path of duty just now? Just go for it, in the name of the Lord, and it won't be there.—Henry Clay Trumbull.

As dew never falls on a stormy night,
so the dews of His grace never come to a restless soul.—Dr. A. B. Simpson.

No prayer is lost. Praying breath was never spent in vain. There is no such thing as prayer unanswered or unnoticed by God, and some things that we count refusals or denials are simply delays.
H. Bonar.

There is no honor in this life so great as to belong to the church of the first-born, who are enrolled in Heaven.

Victory given by grace should be maintained by faith.

I beseech you do not treat God's promises as if they were curiosities for a museum; but use them as every-day sources of comfort. Trust the Lord whenever your time of need comes on.
C. H. Spurgeon.

The Kingdom of God is not in word, but in power (1 Cor. 4:20). Do not refine your words, but seek a demonstration of the Spirit through you.

One may be laughed into hell, but never out of it.

Come up in the morning . . . and present thyself unto me in the top of the mount (Exodus 34:2).

Character is formed in secret; it is discovered in the day of opportunity.

My Father, I am coming. Nothing on the mean plain shall keep me away from the holy heights. At Thy bidding I come, so Thou wilt meet me. Morning on the

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass (Psalm 72:6). He who hath helped thee hitherto will help thee all thy journey through.

Selected by "Glen-Wotty."

IN CALM AS WELL AS CRISIS

T HE North Atlantic weather is bitter and unrelenting.

Men of the R.C.N.'s ships know that every trip means action against storm, wind, ice and 40-foot waves, if not against submarines.

In terms of daily life, this means hardship and perhaps suffering; it means cold meals and soaking, cold clothes; it means moving inch by inch on deck along the course of lifelines, where howling gales drive the breath back into a man's throat; it means sleepless nights and grave responsibilities.

An anonymous seaman describes life on board in a bitter cold gale off Iceland:

"Cooking was impossible. We had bully beef sandwiches, and we washed them down with cold water.

"The decks were leaking and everyone was wet. It was freezing above, and below everyone was trying to find a dry corner to steam out his wet clothes.

"After 36 hours of icing we were in dangerous shape. We had ice right up to the crow's nest. Our ship began to list. After one roll she didn't come back for so long some of us were saying prayers to ourselves."

Why do men wait until death threatens to call on God? If He is necessary then, is His saving power not needed in life?

"THY WORD IS LIGHT"

Golden Gleams from the Sacred Page

S TUDY to be quiet,
and to do your own
business, and to work
with your own hands
. . . that ye may walk
honestly toward them
that are without, and
that ye may have lack
of nothing.

1 Thess. 4:11, 12.



THE MAGAZINE SECTION

The Royal Navy on the Sea of Galilee

PEOPLE on the shores of the Sea of Galilee have for the first time seen the White Ensign of the Royal Navy floating from the stern of a vessel there. The name of the neat little vessel which chugs round the lake is the Eagle. She was taken there over the Palestine Hills and through Nazareth to Tiberias to become part of the patrolling flotilla of the port in the marine division of the Palestine Police, which keeps law and order round all the shores of the Holy Land.

The sailors who form the complement of the Eagle serve under a petty officer who was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, and has been in the Palestine Police for over six years. They have the distinction of being both policemen and naval ratings!

The main duties of the flotilla are to maintain an anti-smuggling patrol and to protect Galilean fishermen. During the Syrian campaign, however, H.M.S. Eagle was armed with machine-guns and lay in wait for possible action against the enemy. She is just another example of the phrase, "Join the Navy and See the World."

A CHEMIST'S NEW WONDER BOX

A NEAT wooden box fitted along three sides with rows of tiny bottles, the central part containing tiny test-tubes which are no thicker than a piece of twine, and might have been made for a doll's laboratory—such is the wonder cabinet of the modern chemist who has adopted the new science of micro-chemistry.

This new and rapidly growing branch of chemistry makes it possible to detect extraordinarily small quantities of different materials by means of chemical reactions which must be watched under the microscope.

Drops can be of many sizes, and by means of the little glass tubes extremely small drops of a solution of the substance to be identified may be mixed on a microscope slide with a drop of one of the new extremely delicate chemical reagents. On being mixed the two give in many cases a vivid color, and throw out crystals of certain patterns which can be watched under the microscope.

In other cases a little strip of very pure paper is wetted with one

of the detecting solutions and dried. When a drop of the unknown substance is placed on it a colored stain may be seen, or the formation of the stain may be examined under the microscope. All kinds of diminutive apparatus have been made for these chemical experiments on the microscopic scale, but this invaluable work has largely become possible through the discovery of new, though highly complicated, organic chemicals which give colored reactions with other substances when used in almost infinitesimally small quantities.

One part of silver, for example, can be detected in five million parts of other material. Many of the vitamins, elusive enough already in their invisibility, can be identified, and very often in these microscopical quantities the scientist can find out not only the nature of the substance but how much of it is there!

Micro-analysis, the means of detecting the infinitely little, is a very modern science, and is carried out in the tiniest laboratories with fairy-like apparatus.

UNSPOILING THE PICTURE

SOME of the finest sculptures in the world, notably the Venus of Milo, have lain centuries, before re-discovery, buried in the earth or hidden under ruins. It is joyful

news that paintings, too, can survive apparently ruinous hardship.

Masterpieces that were stored for safety in a London cellar, 30 feet deep, became immersed in water that flowed in during an air raid. Brought out recently, pictures by VanDyke, Frans Hals, Romney, and other masters, were found to be coated with slime, and seemed mere wrecks. Experts found, however, that only the surface varnish was affected; with this removed the paintwork proved absolutely unharmed.

A famous painting by Millais, called "A Flood," based on an incident at Sheffield where a child was borne away unharmed in its cradle, has a history almost as surprising.

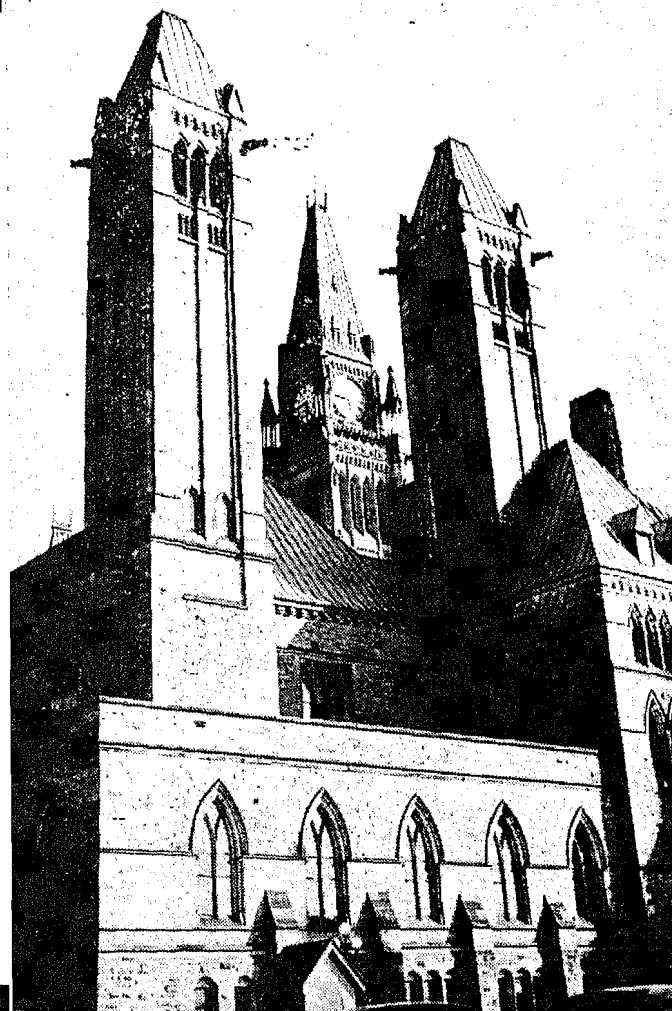
After painting and selling the work, the artist next saw it at an exhibition, 15 years later, and, asking that it should be sent to him, he greatly improved it by painting in a new background. When the owner was confronted with the alterations he cried angrily, "You have spoilt the picture!" "Oh, no, I have not," Millais replied as he made a few sweeping wipes with a turpentine rag. And lo, there was the original painting, with everything as before.

THE HUNGRY PELICANS

Greedily begging morsels from visitors, the pelicans line up against the fence, and, quite unabashed, they open their mouths widely in hint and expectation

INTO BLUE
CANADIAN
SKIES THE
TOWERS
OF
PARLIA-
MENT
REAR THEIR
STEEPLED
HEADS

The Peace
Tower at
Ottawa is seen
flanked by
Parliament
Buildings in
this unusual
rear view



A New and Interesting Feature

OUR TRADITIONS

By MAJOR CHAS. R. SANDERSON,

Chief Librarian, Toronto Public Libraries

5—JET PROPULSION

HERE is a great deal of talk to-day about Jet propulsion. Really it is no new thing. The idea of propelling bodies by jets of fluid issuing from them is of ancient origin. Men's earliest application of the principle appears in a piece of apparatus invented by Heron of Alexandria, a Greek who flourished about 150 years before the birth of Christ. The apparatus, called an "aeophile," consisted of a hollow sphere mounted between two supports. One of these supports was hollow and through it came steam from a closed vessel supported over a fire. The hollow sphere had on opposite sides two pipes with right-angle nozzles. The jets of steam escaping through the nozzles created unbalanced pressure and caused the sphere to revolve. This was the first apparatus known for converting steam pressure into mechanical power and the earliest demonstration of the principle of Jet propulsion.

Sir Isaac Newton has long been known—correctly or not—as a gentleman on whose head fell an apple nearly three hundred years ago, and who discovered as a result of this experience the law of gravity. It is not so generally known that Newton made a model of a horseless carriage to be "driven" by Jet propulsion. Between the four wheels there was mounted a spherical boiler over a fire. From the top of the boiler was a nozzle pointing to the rear. Through the nozzle went jets of steam, whose reaction on the atmosphere was expected to propel the vehicle forward. The driver in front was to regulate the speed of the vehicle by his control of a steam cock in the nozzle.

For water-borne craft also, Jet propulsion has been used. From the end of the 17th century various experiments were being made to propel vessels with paddle wheels and screws and with the projection of streams of water astern. In 1728 a true Jet propulsion system was patented in England by a man named Allen. It was an internal combustion engine using gunpowder as the fuel for creating the jets.

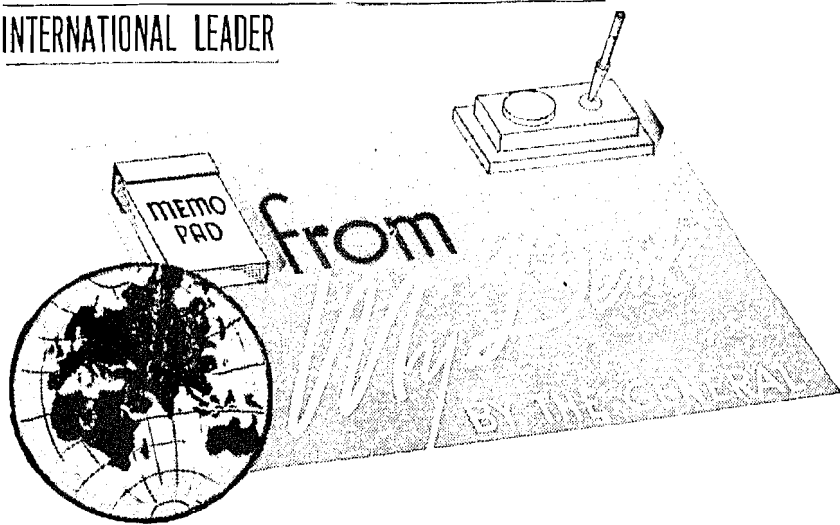
In 1775 Benjamin Franklin drew attention to the inefficiency of paddle wheels as a means of propulsion. He proposed setting a steam engine to pump water in at the bow and force it out at the stern, the water passing along a trunk. The American Revolution was just breaking out at the time, but after it was over in 1782, a boat eighty feet long was fitted out with this mechanism by James Rumsey and the Jet propulsion drove it along the Potomac River at four miles an hour. Other vessels were similarly fitted in England and America during the 19th century, using various types of pumps and engines.

But perhaps the most interesting example of Jet propulsion is that produced by Nature herself. Ages ago she evolved a highly efficient application of it in underwater locomotion. Many fishes can travel at high speed with tail and fins quite motionless by means of jets of water forcibly expelled through the gill slits. It has recently been stated that a noted naturalist examined 300 fishes and found 270 of them to have gill slits placed precisely in position for travelling by Jet propulsion. This method of locomotion has the added advantage that when a cuttle-fish, for example, wishes to apply emergency brakes, it simply sucks in water through the gill slits and ejects it rapidly through the mouth. Thus effectively putting its Jet propulsion mechanism in reverse gear.

Courtesy of The Bullet, Military District No. 2.



AN INSPIRING WEEKLY MESSAGE FROM THE ARMY'S INTERNATIONAL LEADER



ALGIERS HAPPINESS

WHEN you have read the letter from which I quote at some length below I want you to pause for a moment to think on three things:

1. The sheer enjoyment depicted;
2. The delightfully natural way in which spiritual matters are discussed;

3. The days when the lads will be back in their home Corps.

Now read the letter. It is from a Sergeant to his father, a Lieut.-Colonel in The Salvation Army.

"Things are 'going great' at The Army. I am in regularly every Sunday, and at least once, sometimes twice, during the week.

"There are about thirty Salvationists there at the moment, most of whom play instruments, so we can always have a Band of fourteen or so. There are three meetings on a Sunday, all of which are packed out. They are just the kind the chaps want. They can shout out which song they want and sing as loud as they like.

"In the afternoon we take the instruments down to the big Canteen by the Opera and from three till four hold a 'hymn sing-song.'

"The lads sit and munch their tea and cakes and choose their songs from a sheet provided for them. Marches and selections by the Band are interspersed, and a fortnight ago a male voice quartet, which we managed to get together quickly, sang a piece from my male-voice book. Then we return to the 'Regent' Canteen for the big meeting of the day. The Hall is always packed beyond capacity and from six till seven another hymn sing-song is held, for which the Band and the piano play alternately.

ABSOLUTE ENJOYMENT FOR ALL

"WE have never heard such singing. I always think what a comfort it would be to you at home to see some of these meetings—the platform and reading-desk decorated with flowers, the Mercy-Seat in front covered in blue cloth, the Band with all the instruments; and the rest of the Hall packed with Army, Navy, Air Force, Americans and any one else who wants to come. It would be very thrilling for you to hear the tremendous singing and clapping and see the absolute enjoyment on the faces of every one.

"At seven o'clock the meeting proper starts. Almost every denomination is represented and we have heard testimonies such as I have never heard at home.

"One Bandsman, a lad from Ipswich, has volunteered for Officership; and there have been twenty-eight or so fellows soundly converted during the past few months.

"At eight o'clock the meeting finishes and we prepare for our Epilogue Service at nine o'clock. Tea and cakes are served to every one who stays. There are usually about fifty. We arrange the chairs in a ring, and have an opening song and Bible-reading, taken by a different chap each week. Then at nine o'clock exactly we sing a special chorus, remembering those at home.

"The earnestness and the sincerity on the chaps' faces are tremendous; some are unable to sing.

"We have seen many acts of reconsecration during this Epilogue Service; I have had the joy of seeing a backslider of fourteen years' standing get soundly saved as a result, as he told me after, of my playing the piano for the singing. I knelt beside him. Then at ten past nine we always sing song No. 605, ending what is to all of us a wonderful day.

EYES OPENED TO THE NEEDS OF OTHERS

"LAST Sunday night we held the meeting in the Canteen on the main road, and almost succeeded in causing a traffic jam. Crowds of people stood at the windows looking at something which was, to them, quite new. Tram-cars were rattling by, full of people, cars were hooting, people chattering, Arabs shouting. So great was the congestion on the pavements outside that they had to call the 'gendarmes' to clear the way.

"Wednesday night there is always a good meeting also. It is followed by a Band practice.

"You have no need to worry about the Salvationists out here. They are stronger in the faith than they have ever been. *Their eyes have been opened to the needs of others.* They have had to stand on their own two feet, and have been rudely awakened from the complacency and routine of organized religion which they got into at home.

"What we are concerned about is whether the Corps at home will be in a fit state to receive hundreds of enthusiastic young men with changed hearts who are determined to vitalize their home Corps with their new experience. We hope the change that has taken place in them will be received rightly and not misunderstood."

A CHALLENGE NOT TO BE IGNORED

NOW for the three thinking points:

The first one leads me to a reflection on the way in which Army work, brought into operation on an "emergency" basis, produces a spirit identical with that which marked the first victorious years of the Organization.

The second one leads me to the conclusion that our young men and women are "spiritually minded" and capable of knowing the joys of the



Excited crowds gather around Allied military vehicles as they stand in an imposing Roman square. The music of Salvation Army Bands has again echoed through this ancient, famous Capital

Soul-Saving Music in Italy

By WINNIFRED EASTWOOD

WHAT a blessing the instruments are! What a pity it would be to have one big Band. The night they were presented at Afragola four unsaved men knelt at the Penitent-Form and several letters have since been received telling of the Holy Spirit's work in the hearts of others who attended.

There, the Band plays at the week-night meetings, and after the meetings it goes on to the balcony

and plays marches and hymn tunes.

The village is out of bounds to the troops and The Salvation Army is the only place they may go to outside the camp. Fortunately, this Canteen is one of the largest of our buildings and has a beautiful garden and showers, library and barber's shop, with several other attractions.

One of the other sets of instruments is in a camp. Other soldiers are allowed to come to the meeting beside those in the camp.

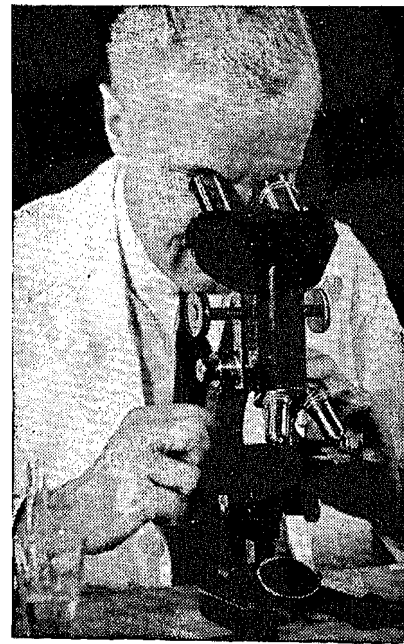
It is a miracle to me to notice how carefully these instruments are kept, for they are always in transit and look as good as new!

Those at Bari are on duty most nights of the week. The Officer was invited to conduct a service at the hospital and he took the Leaguers and the instruments. The room allocated was packed to suffocation. Salvation Army song sheets were used. The men in their hospital pyjamas were of all colors: Indians, South Africans, Negroes, New Zealanders and our own boys. After the meeting it was requested that the Band should play in the grounds, the patients sitting on window-sills, verandas, roof and anywhere they could find a seat.

At Barletta, because of the added attraction of the music, soul-saving which had already begun, became remarkable. There the meeting-room has large windows which look on to the grounds where men recline in deck chairs, so that the influence of the meeting is very much increased.

The meeting in most of our Cantons goes on while the service at the counter is in progress. The counter service is very silently carried out. All listen, beside those seated in that part of the Canteen reserved for the meeting.

Major Riccio, the Italian Major who was with us, was moved beyond bearing to hear the strains of The Salvation Army Band in Rome. She was interested, too, at the number of Salvation Army soldiers, sailors and airmen we had met on our tour with her.



THERE'S MUCH IN LITTLE Succinct Paragraphs That Provoke Thought

Cynicism is a scorpion which at the end dies by stinging itself.

It is better to stumble toward a better life than not to make any step at all.

Instead of waiting upon the Lord, some folks want Him to wait on them.

saints when we make the effort to interest them in spiritual things.

The third brings me to the question of post-war Army life, its methods, and its capacity to absorb what is going to be offered. This is a challenge from North Africa we dare not ignore.



WITH THE RED SHIELD ON MANY FRONTS

IN THE METROPOLIS

Items of Interest From Montreal's Thronging Red Shield Hostess House

THE Hostess House in Montreal, supervised by Mrs. Major K. Barr, continues to be much too small for the many demands made upon it. Members of all branches of the Services patronize the Institution.

An Australian and an English chap from an R.A.F. Camp down East spent a few days at the Hostess House and went back. Immediately six more English chaps arrived and on the recommendation of the two who had just returned asked for accommodation.

A Navy man sank down into the comfort of a chesterfield the other day after a weary trudge about town and said, "Aha! this is the best place in Montreal—just like a swell club."

Many and Varied Demands Met

A petty officer from an English ship in New York harbor, sent to Canada with two other men to pick up a very young chap who had gone off on the loose, took one look at the Montreal jail and its inhabitants, and decided it was no place to lodge his young charge, and brought him to the Hostess House. The whole party were accommodated with a room overnight and until they proceeded on their way back to New York and their ship.

There is a constant demand for daytime accommodation for Servicemen and their wives and families with several hours or a whole day to spend in Montreal waiting for a train.

A card from an American Navy man and his wife in San Francisco the other day announced their safe arrival there with their little baby and repeated their expressions of gratitude for a day's accommodation in this way. They are but one family of many similarly treated. There is in residence at the moment a young wife just out of hospital with a new-born babe. Her husband is

RECREATION 'MID RUIN

From "Somewhere in France," Supervisor Gordon Green has written to the Home Corps, North Toronto, the following interest-filled letter:

THREE weeks ago to-day, just when you would be thinking about going to open-air meeting, we landed in this great country of France. Putting my feet on the soil of another unknown country certainly was a great thrill. It was a great day, and I shall never forget my impressions. The first house we saw was badly ruined, but the people were there, and soldiers were around, doing their work. This was part of liberated France.

Since landing with our fine Canadian boys I have had many wonderful experiences. We have had some great times and also sad ones, but I can very sincerely say that God has been good to us.

"Digging In" is First Task

I received your very welcome letter yesterday, and thought I should reply immediately, if possible. I have not been able to write for nearly a week as things have been "too hot," and I have not been feeling up to the mark. I am, however, feeling better now, and soon will be back to normal. One suffers from nervous exhaustion here.

Our first task when we land in an area is to dig in, and I really mean dig! For my two helpers and myself I have a marquee which we put up first, then dig in for our beds, usually about four feet. However, that is not absolutely safe. We then unload half the equipment in the truck, leaving the truck half loaded. This enables us to get quickly to any box when the boys require anything. I carry a small marquee, too, for a reading and writing room, but in the last two places we were unable to put it up.

In one of our camps we had a great program for the boys: Softball and hardball, horse-shoes, recreation every night, free tea and biscuits, and other services such as supplying stationery, sending cables, etc. One afternoon we marked out a hardball diamond and

stationed in Halifax and her landlady said she could not return to her rooms with the baby. A friend suggested that The Salvation Army Hostess House might be able to take care of her. Her husband has now arrived and they will be moving on to their home in Toronto.

Volunteer workers for the Camp at Longueuil come to the Hostess House each evening to wait for the arrival of the station wagon to take them to the camp. They are a fine type of young person and speak highly of the work going on out there under the direction of Captain R. Young.



THE GLORY THAT WAS FRANCE.—Through similar scenes of ruin and lonely devastation, Red Shield Auxiliary Officers, accompanying Canadian troops to the front lines, are constantly making their arduous way. This photograph of a French village eloquently shows the calm of death that follows the crash of war

played hardball, the first since I left Canada.

At the next place we moved to, the first thing I did, after digging in, was to go out and look for a place to provide proper recreation. I went through numerous factories which in peace time were wonderful places, but had been so badly battered they were no good for anything; walls and roofs had gone. Then I found a barn that was in fair shape and would hold about 75 men, so arranged with some troops nearby to use it. At noon, when I got back, I told the O.C. about it and he thought it was great, but said I was a little ahead of the game. I would have to wait until the shelling cooled off. I had arranged a sing-song for Sunday night which I had to cancel, too. We were close to the front line. All I could do for three days was to give the men just what help I could.

About fifty yards from our tent two boys of another unit were killed and another was injured by a shell. We immediately made tea for the one chap and the Medical Offi-

cer cared for him in the Salvation Army tent. I visited the chaps on the gun site afterwards and tried to cheer them up with supplies and a hand-shake. One never knows when a shell will come over, and some give no warning.

Keep the Flag Flying!

Tuesday I thought it was O.K. to commence operations again, but in the middle of it a shell burst in the next field and our boys had to scatter. We had injuries in camp that night. If it had landed in the crowd none of us would be here to-day. God is good! That night we were shelled, bombed and machine-gunned.

We are in another camp now, a little farther back, and I am sleeping in an underground shelter which the Germans built.

We had a Sunday night sing-song the second Sunday, but had to cancel it last week.

I'd love to hear the Band and get to a good meeting again, but I guess we'll have to wait for that. Keep the old Flag waving high!



AT HOME . . .

Providing homelike accommodation for thousands of Canadian servicemen is the spacious Red Shield Hostel at Moncton, N.B. Supervisor W. Perry is in charge of this centre

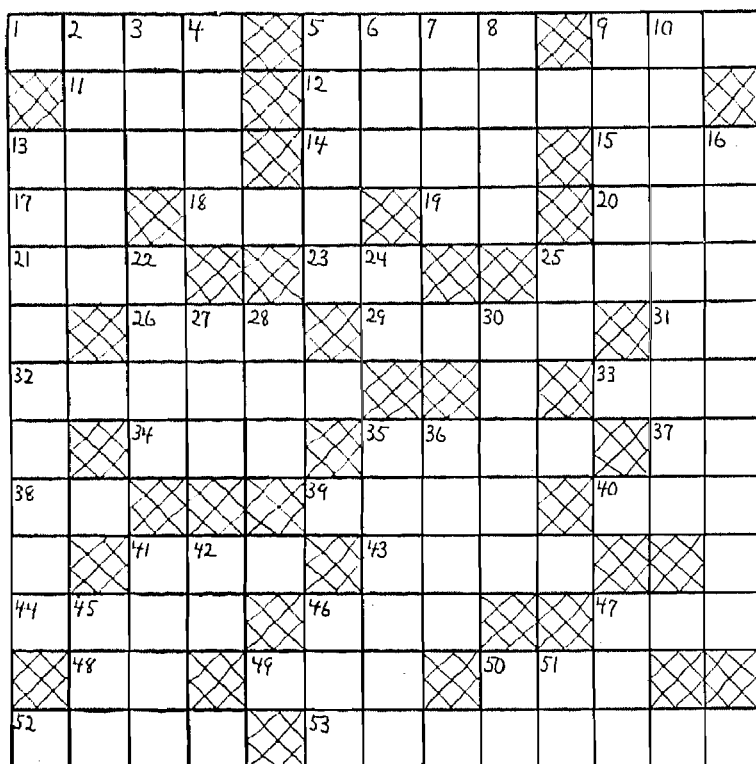


. . . AND OVERSEAS

R.C.A.F. personnel, "somewhere in England," enjoy a lively set of tennis at a Canada House supervised by a Red Shield Auxiliary Officer. Such recreational facilities are greatly valued

BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

SCRIPTURAL TEXTS: A Righteous Rebuke



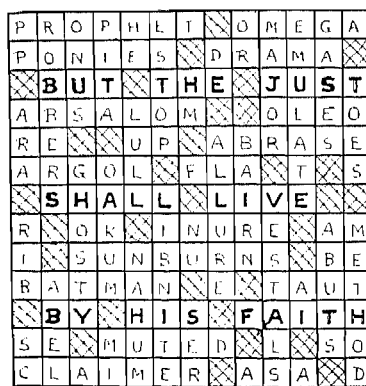
NO. 29

"Woe to her that is filthy and polluted, to the oppressing city! She obeyed not the voice; she received not correction."—Zeph. 3:1, 2.

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 "he . . . on the ground, and made clay of the spittle"
 - 5 Romantic tales of ancient times
 - 9 Old Testament books
 - 11 "how is . . . become a desolation"
 - 12 "Our fathers . . . in thee"
 - 13 City that sheltered Lot
 - 14 New Testament prophethood
 - 15 Army officer
 - 17 Son of Judah
 - 18 "he will . . . do iniquity"
 - 19 "that rejoice . . . thy pride"
 - 20 Three (Sw.)
 - 21 King Hadar's city. Gen. 36:39
 - 23 "called the altar . . ."
 - 25 14 across was of the tribe of . . . Luke 2:36
 - 26 "I have cut off . . . nations"
 - 29 "The just . . . is in the midst"
 - 31 Solar deity (Egypt. Relig.)
 - 32 Be gone
 - 33 Name of a letter
 - 34 "how is . . . become tributary"
 - 35 "so he . . . off his shoe"
 - 37 Each
 - 38 "And . . . shall come to pass"
 - 39 "mine enemies and my . . ."
 - 40 Son of Bani; reversed, Roumanian coin
 - 41 "Let . . . thine hands be slack"
 - 43 "The great day of the Lord is . . ."
 - 44 Hastens
 - 46 Note
 - 47 "Thou hast a mighty . . ."
 - 48 "It shall be said . . . Jerusalem"
 - 49 " . . . judges are evening wolves"
 - 50 "Lord of hosts, the . . . of Israel"
 - 52 Domestic slave
 - 53 King Og's city; shot a rat (anag.)

A
WEEKLY
TEST
OF
BIBLE
KNOWLEDGE

Answer to last Puzzle



NO. 28

- Our Text from Zephaniah is 11, 12, 18, 19, 26, 29, 34, 35, 41, 43, 48, 49, and 50 combined
- VERTICAL**
- 2 Skin disease
 - 3 "hath said against Jerusalem . . . she is broken"
 - 4 Bird
 - 6 "verily every man at his best . . . is altogether vanity"
 - 6 The alder tree (Diat. Eng.)
 - 7 Son of Naphtali. Gen. 46:24
 - 8 Small carpet used by Hindus to kneel upon at prayer time
 - 9 "He hath put down the mighty from their . . ."
 - 10 One to whom a letter is sent
 - 13 "The word of the Lord which came unto . . . the son of Cush"
 - 16 The city that 13 down

- reproved because of her sins
- 22 The octave of a feast (Eccl)
 - 24 550
 - 25 The present time
 - 27 Interjection expressing contempt
 - 28 Compass point
 - 30 Ancestor of Christ; share (anag.)
 - 35 Glvers
 - 36 "The earth shall . . . to and fro like a drunkard"
 - 41 Gaseous element in the air
 - 42 Bone in Hosea
 - 45 Possessive pronoun
 - 46 "Woe unto the inhabitants of the . . . coast"
 - 47 "he saith unto them, Why make ye this . . . and weep?"
 - 50 Southern state
 - 51 " . . . else he will hold to the one, and despise the other"

DAILY DEVOTIONS

(Continued from page 2)

FRIDAY: Come over into Macedonia, and help us.—Acts 16:9.

"In one village young men and women came to Christ," states a Missionary Officer, "But for nineteen months they have not had a visit from a teacher. I wonder how they are doing to-night? More must come and help us!"

I'll go Lord, I'll go Lord,
I'll go where you want me to go.

SATURDAY: The great man humbled himself.—Isa. 2:3.

I used to think that God's gifts were on shelves one above the other, and that the taller we grew in Christian character, the easier we should reach them. I find now that God's gifts are on shelves one beneath the other, and that it is not a question of growing taller, but of stooping lower, and that we have to go down, always down, to get His

GOD IS FAITHFUL

By T. O. CHISHOLM

"If we confess," God will forgive.
"Cleanse us from all unrighteousness";
Ay! He is faithful, He is just,
He will forgive—"If we confess."

"If we confess"—not otherwise;
This one condition must be met;
If we are sorry—tell Him so,
God will forgive—He will forget!

No matter what the sin may be—
In speech or thought, desire or deed—
"If we confess," God will forgive—
So does the precious promise read.

That promise is a golden key
On which the contrite heart may press;
One turn of faith, and lo, what peace!
Forgiven! cleansed!—"If we confess."

When we confess and God forgives,
What confidence is ours again;
We now may ask God for what we will
And blessings will descend like rain.

Oh, blest provision of His grace!
What pitying love He thus displays!
Would that we grieve His heart no more—
"Walk henceforth in His holy ways!"

THE MASTER'S TOOLS

(Continued from page 3)

And the work the great Carpenter foresaw was the moulding of men's hearts and lives to His will as He cut and shaped and polished the material to the pattern. The instruments and tools were prepared for their work. He used them to accomplish His designs as He picked them up or laid them down. Without these tools the Master-mind could not have accomplished His plan. With these at His disposal He could do what He would.

Are not all God's children tools or instruments in His hands, to fulfil His work? Do they not help Him to build that heavenly temple as yet unseen? Does He not use His various instruments to deal with the shapeless, rough material of men's hearts and lives? Are there not saws and planes and hammers and lathes and chisels and turnscrows to work the world over? Are not pincers and mallets and gimlets needed? Are not the compass and two-foot rule necessary? The tiny nail has its own work to do and so has the spirit level and all the hundred and one other tools whose names we never learn.

Do you grumble or think that you are forgotten, because you are so little conscious of the great Master's hand upon you for use? If only you were the great saw that divides the wood, or the plane that smooths it, or the screw driver forcing things home, or the hammer so often in the Master's hand—no, you are even of more use than they; you may be the beautiful spirit level, exquisitely adjusted to the work of setting the standard. Never in violent action, it is taken up quietly now and then and very gently laid here and there and set down again for a very long time on the shelf, but that quiet, noiseless instrument is the ideal up to which the finished work must be brought to give satisfaction to the master-eye.

Spirit Levels For God

Many a sick saint acts as a spirit level in the circle where they seem so much shut in. Keeping the spiritual standard right, let them remember like the blind poet Milton:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Take heart then, whichever instrument you may be, and do not fret if you have a place anywhere in the Carpenter's shop. The plane may not say to the saw, "I have no need of you," nor the hammer to the wedge, without which the others' work might be incomplete.

And the time came which the

best gifts.—F. B. Meyer.

He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

Carpenter had waited for, and He left His shop for the last time to take up a fresh phase of work: the preparation of some of the instruments He was to handle when He became the great Architect of the temple in the heavens, to be formed out of the confused material of the earth.

His thoughts must have been too deep for us to attempt to follow them.

And when the Carpenter went on His way,
He thought not of Himself for good or ill,
One was His path through shop or thronging men
Craving His help, e'en to the cross-crowned hill,
In toiling, healing, teaching, suffering, all
His joy and life to do the Father's will
And earth and heaven are glad.

That evening when the Carpenter swept out

HAVE YOU REMEMBERED THE SALVATION ARMY IN YOUR WILL?

SINCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments, through its varied and highly-organized network of character-building activities.

The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests.

Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by:

Commissioner B. Orames,
Territorial Commander,
20 Albert Street,
Toronto, Ontario,
Canada.

The fragrant shavings from the workshop floor
And placed the tools in order and shut to
And barred for the last time the humble door,
Turned from the laborer's lot for evermore,
I wonder was He glad?

That morning when the Carpenter walked forth
From Joseph's doorway, in the glimmering light,
And bade His holy mother long farewell,
And through the rose-shot skies, with dawning bright,
Saw glooming the dark shadows of the cross,
Yet seeing, set His feet towards Calvary's height,
I wonder was He sad?

Women's World and Work

GO UP HIGHER

By MIRIAM LAYTON

FRAIL, shabby and thinly-clad, grasping old-age pension book, he stood last in the queue at the large post office. Being blind, he could not understand why the queue did not move nearer the counter.

I watched, wondering how he would fare.

Presently, sensing no movement of the queue, he put out his hands, slowly and timidly, but not far enough. Coming into contact with no one, he evidently judged himself out of line with those in front, so stepped one pace to the right, thus landing between two separate queues.

I thought to lead him back to his place and stay beside him until his business was finished, but a woman ahead of me stepped from her place and led him gently to the counter, where a kindly assistant attended to him at once.

He then prepared to grope his

way to the door leading to the street. As I reached him, a pleasant A.T.S. girl slipped her arm through his and led him safely through the crowd.

That was another picture of God's providential care. Sometimes we seem to be battling with overwhelming difficulties. But even though we are tempted to feel that our Heavenly Father has forgotten us, we shall not be left unaided. His love has never failed.

When the journey ends, many that have been last shall be first, and the weary traveller will be well attended. There will be glad surprises for some, who have had to drop out of the march of life, when they find themselves loved and honored. "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

British War Cry.

BOOKS FOR PRISONERS

ANYONE may send books to prisoners of war; but not any books. Obviously, a few convenient maps of Germany would never reach them. The Nazi censors would make sure of that. They're a pernickety lot, these censors. Any book by a Jew, or in praise of England or America, or in dispraise of Germany, infuriates them, and when one remembers the long list of famous books that the Hitlerites have publicly burned, the task of selecting any that prisoners would be allowed to read is surely difficult.

A year ago the Macmillan Company of Canada made up a rather

interesting list which awakened attention not only, in this country but throughout the United States. Now a second list has been prepared, the two together covering some hundreds of titles.

Friends of prisoners may obtain these lists from the Company at 70 Bond Street, Toronto, or from any large book store. No postage is required on book-parcels for prisoners, but the weight-limit is eleven pounds. So far as we know, no other publishing house has specially considered the needs of our gallant unfortunates, sunk, as they are, in wells of boredom.



A MILE OF BOOKS—Girl Guides set out to collect 300,000 books which they place on the kerb until a mile is reached

MAKE THINGS LAST

By RUBY PRICE WEEKS

TO-DAY the theme song of practically every housewife is "Make Things Last." How? By taking care of them!

This is easily done by seeing that any repairs are made as soon as the need for them is discovered. A loose chair-round, a rip in a slip-cover, a tack lost from the braid on an upholstered piece are among the many problems confronting housewives.

Any of these, if attended to at once, will do away with worry regarding replacements. To facilitate care and repairs, wax, turpentine, furniture polish, insecticides, glue, nails, tacks, window and wall paper cleaner must be kept on hand.

Things must be kept clean if they are going to last. Furniture has to not only be dusted but polished. Excellent dusters can be made by soaking squares of soft material in furniture polish, then thoroughly drying before using. A small new paint brush, sold at dime counters, may be given a similar treatment, then used for carved furniture and in hard-to-get-at corners.

Wood, metal or wicker furniture, if used outdoors, holds up much better if waxed.

Skis and sleds to be stored, and youngsters' wagons and bicycles which must withstand hard usage, should also be waxed. A little wax goes a long way, so don't apply it too generously.

Turpentine will remove water rings from table tops, and rust and dirt from garden tools.

Rugs require a thorough weekly cleaning. They also need close watching, for moths thrive on dirty spots and hover in dark places. Their favorite haunts are under upholstered chairs or divans which are close to the floor. Such pieces of furniture must be moved regularly, lest the rug be eaten threadbare in spots.

Each week the large rugs rate a cleaning with the vacuum, then a spraying with a reliable moth pre-

ventive. For general renovating a cleaning powder may be brushed into a rug, after the vacuum has been run over it. After the powder has stood for several hours, it may be taken up with the cleaner.

Small rugs may be cleaned with a soap jelly made by dissolving

CARPENTERS

A CARPENTER
In Galilee
Fashioned yokes
So tenderly
For burdened beasts
In slavery.

A carpenter
In Bethany
Carved a cross
From an olive tree,
Labored long
For a paltry fee.

How could he know
Or comprehend
That on his cross
In the very end
Should hang the form
Of a Workman, Friend?

What are you carving
Out of life's tree—
A cruel cross
For a calvary,
Or a kindly yoke
To set men free? L.M.T.

½ cup mild soap in 1 quart of hot water. When set, it can be whipped with an egg beater and applied to the rug with a stiff brush. The easiest way to do this is to lay the rug on old newspapers on a kitchen table. The suds may be wiped off with a soft cloth or sponge wrung from warm water. The rug has to be thoroughly dry before being returned to the floor.

In order to preserve hardwood floors and linoleum, they have to be kept clean and waxed regularly.
Family Herald and Weekly Star.



COOKING FOR TWO

(From the Chicago War Cry)

SALMON LOAF

Serve hot with parsley sauce, or cold with a salad for a light supper.

1 small can salmon
¼ cup finely chopped celery
½ cup fresh bread crumbs
½ cup scalded milk
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 egg
¼ teaspoon salt
Pepper to taste
Dry bread crumbs

Remove skin, oil and bone. Flake salmon and combine with hot milk, seasoning, celery, bread crumbs and butter. Let stand for a few minutes and then add the beaten egg. Grease a deep but small pan, and coat lightly with the dry bread crumbs. Turn salmon mixture into pan. Stand in a pan of hot water and bake in oven at 375 degrees F. for 30 minutes.

WARTIME CAKE

This is quickly made, and inexpensive:

1 cup seeded raisins or dates
¼ cup finely cut candied lemon peel
1 cup brown sugar
1¼ cups hot coffee
1-3 cup shortening
1-3 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg

4 teaspoons baking powder

½ teaspoon ground cinnamon

2 cups sifted cake flour

Boil sugar, coffee, peel and shortening together for two or three minutes. Cool. Add flour and other ingredients sifted together. Blend well. Turn into greased loaf pan and bake about 45 minutes at 350 degrees F.

LEMON BREAD PUDDING

Good served either hot or cold:

1½ cups milk, scalded

1 cup bread crumbs

2 eggs, separated

2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

2-3 cup sugar

¼ teaspoon salt

Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon

1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine the scalded milk with bread crumbs and set aside to cool. Beat egg yolks slightly and add melted butter, salt and sugar. Add cooled milk mixture, lemon juice, grated rind and vanilla. Blend well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into greased casserole. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees) for 45 minutes, or until a knife inserted in centre comes out clean.

Coming Events

COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

JACKSON'S POINT: Sun Sept 3 (Youth Fellowship Camp)
HAMILTON: Mon Sept 11 (Officers' Council and United Meeting)
TORONTO TEMPLE: Thurs Sept 14 (Welcome to Cadets)
YORKVILLE: Toronto, Sat-Mon Sept 23-25 (Diamond Jubilee Meetings)
BRANTFORD: Sat-Sun Sept 30-Oct 1

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Colonel G. W. Peacock

Toronto Temple: Thurs Sept 14 (Cadets' Welcome)
Parliament Street: Sun Sept 17 (morning, Cadets' Welcome)
Toronto Temple: Sun Sept 17 (evening, Cadets' Welcome)

THE FIELD SECRETARY

Colonel F. C. Ham

Parliament Street: Sun Sept 16

Colonel R. Adby (R): Sydney, Sun-Mon Sept 3-4; Sydney Mines, Tues 5; North Sydney, Wed 6; New Waterford, Thurs 7; New Aberdeen, Fri 8; Glace Bay, Sun-Mon 10-11; Whitney Pier, Tues 12; New Glasgow, Wed 13; Stellarton, Thurs 14; Pictou, Fri 15; Truro, Sun-Mon 17-18; Dartmouth, Tues 19; Lunenburg, Wed 20; Liverpool, Thurs 21; Shelburne, Fri 22; Yarmouth, Sun-Mon 24-25; Digby, Tues 26; Bridgetown, Wed 27; Kentville, Thurs 28; Windsor, Fri 29; Halifax I, Sun-Mon Oct 1-2; Halifax North, Tues 3

Colonel Tyndall: Brockville, Sat-Sun Sept 9-10
Lieut.-Colonel J. Merritt: Peterboro, Sun Oct 1

Lieut.-Colonel Perrett: Niagara Falls I, Sat-Sun Sept 16-17
Brigadier W. Gillingham: London I, Sun Oct 1

Brigadier A. Keith: Jackson's Point, Tues-Sat Aug 29-Sept 3; Danforth, Sun 10; London Citadel, Mon 11
Brigadier E. Waterston: Searforth, Sat-Sun Sept 2-3

Major N. Buckley: Peterboro, Sat-Sun Sept 16-17

RALLY WEEK

Rally Sunday will be observed throughout the Territory on Sunday, September 10, this to be followed by Rally Week extending to Saturday, September 16.

BENJAMIN ORAMES,
Commissioner.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS—

Major Mehltable Abbott: Little Heart's Ease
Major and Mrs. Edmund Brown: Bishop's Falls (School)
Major Maggie Challicum: Sydney Hospital and Home (Superintendent)
Major and Mrs. Clyde Brooks: Englee
Major Mabel Cosway: Grace Haven, Regina, Sask. (Superintendent)
Major and Mrs. Walter Cornick: Grand Bank
Major and Mrs. Reuben Decker: Triton
Major and Mrs. Gordon Driscoll: Bonavista
Major and Mrs. Domino Goulding: Botwood
Major and Mrs. Baden Hallett: Grand Falls
Major Lulu Kennedy: Winterton
Major and Mrs. Cecil Pretty: St. John's I
Major Thomas Robbins: Bay Roberts
Major Eliza Stanley: Bridgeport
Major and Mrs. Charles Woodland: Deer Lake
Major and Mrs. Levi Winsor: Clarenville
Major and Mrs. George Yates: Buchans
Adjutant and Mrs. Lester Barnes: Westville
Adjutant and Mrs. Kenneth Gill: Green's Harbour
Adjutant and Mrs. Harvey Legge: Humbermouth
Adjutant and Mrs. Cecil Patey: Pilley's Island
Adjutant and Mrs. Uriah Piercey: Pt. Leamington
Captain Mamie Budgett: Heart's Delight
Captain Eva Duffett: Cottrell's Cove
Captain and Mrs. George Earle: St. Anthony
Captain Elizabeth Edmunds: Clarke's Beach
Captain Ronald Ellsworth: Burin
Captain Arthur Evans: Summerford
Captain and Mrs. George Hickman: Dotting Cove
Captain Reta Howell: Greenspond
Captain and Mrs. Joseph Monk: Change Islands
Captain Myra Moulton: Little Heart's Ease
Captain Arthur Pike: Harry's Harbour
Captain and Mrs. Clarence Rendell: Fortune
Captain Mabel Rideout: Britannia
Captain and Mrs. Alphaeus Russell: Hants Harbour
Captain Mildred Wells: Change Islands
Captain Delphina Wiseman: Salt Pond
Lieutenant Lorraine Churchill: Leading Tinkles
Lieutenant Hannah Danby: Creston
Lieutenant Gladys Edmunds: St. Anthony's Bight
Lieutenant Frederick Howse: Chance Cove

VISITING THE VACATIONISTS

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Peacock Conduct Uplifting Meetings at Fenelon Falls

A WELCOME by the citizens of Coboconk was extended to the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Peacock at an open-air meeting at which the Rev. Mr. Bridle, on behalf of the residents of the community, spoke warm words of appreciation and greeting.

Following the Coboconk meeting a rousing open-air meeting was held at Fenelon Falls where the streets were thronged with summer visitors who stopped to hear the music of the Band and to listen attentively to the earnest words of the Colonel and his wife.

The Holiness meeting was a time of rich blessing, a challenging message being brought by the Chief Secretary. A Singing Company member from West Toronto sang effectively, and Major C. Staiger (R), a visitor from the United States, spoke briefly. In the afternoon, at the home of Adjutant and Mrs. F. Barker (P), on the shores of Cameron Lake, the cottagers assembled for a Bible Class at which each of

the visiting Officers spoke briefly.

Despite the exceedingly hot weather, a large crowd was in attendance at the evening meeting. Many friends and comrades who are vacationing at Fenelon Falls were present. Colonel and Mrs. Peacock delivered direct, Spirit-filled messages in which the listeners were reminded of the power and purpose of the Name of Jesus. The Chief Secretary, who has always shown a keen interest in young people, presented the Corps Cadets with their certificates.

Following the indoor service a late open-air meeting was held on the main street where friends of all denominations assembled and joined in the singing of the beautiful, old hymns.

Major R. Gage, Toronto Divisional Young People's Secretary, and Mrs. Gage, accompanying the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Peacock, assisted in all the meetings, as did also the Corps Officers, Major and Mrs. W. Millar.

THEIR DREAM CAME TRUE

British Columbia Young People's Workers Meet For Discussion and Exchange of Ideas

ON the last week-end in July a dream of the Young People's Workers of the British Columbia South Division was realized when a group of them met at Camp Sunrise at Hopkin's Landing for a discussion of the problems connected with the work so dear to their hearts. Far away from the noisy city and workaday world, in a spot surrounded by snow-capped mountains and evergreen trees, new ideas were exchanged and a thorough search for ways and means of helping the young folk of to-morrow was instituted. Two full days were devoted to study and discussion, and the exchange of knowledge of a practical as well as academical nature.

Saturday began with a recreation period, followed by devotions led by the Divisional Commander, Lieut.-Colonel M. Junker. Major W. A. Mercer, Divisional Young People's Secretary, welcomed the delegates, and Mrs. Mercer read a paper prepared by Young People's Sergeant-Major R. Braund, O.F., of Peterboro, Ont. A second paper on methods of maintaining a satisfactory Company meeting attendance was read by Young People's Sergeant-Major M. Reid, of Mount Pleasant, Vancouver. A sing-song around the council fire brought the day to a close.

Brilliant sunshine enhanced the pleasure of the Sunday sessions which commenced with a devotional period led by Major M. Stratton. A comprehensive paper on the absentee problem was read by Com-

pany Guard M. Irwin; the Singing Company and its possibilities was the subject of an interesting paper by Mrs. Major Hill, and Company Guard R. Milley, following an interval directed by the Divisional Commander, opened the second session with a timely talk on "Reverence." In conclusion, Lieut.-Colonel Junker brought a challenging message on the outstanding characteristics of the Founder, William Booth.

Major Arthur Hill, Public Relations representative, opened the final session with a devotional period which was followed by a panel discussion of the Corps Cadet Brigade and the making and training of Junior Soldiers. The objectives for 1944-45 were finally presented by the Divisional Young People's Secretary. Vocal and instrumental music for the sessions was provided by a talented trio of young folk.

ARMY FRIEND PASSES

Winnipeg Advisory Board Loses Staunch Supporter

AN outstanding Winnipeg citizen and one of the staunchest supporters of The Army's Advisory Board in that city, Mr. M. F. Christie, passed away recently as the result of injuries sustained when in collision with a street car. Mr. Christie was president of the G. F. Stephens Co. Ltd., and also chairman of the board of managers of the Great West Life Assurance Company. He was highly respected by his wide circle of business associates.

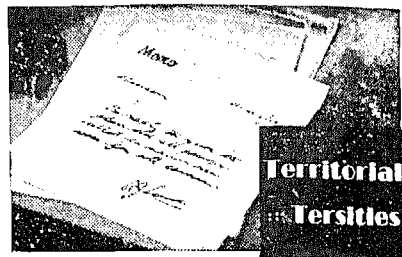
Mr. Douglas Moulden, chairman of the Advisory Board; Mr. Gordon Hunter, vice-chairman; Lieut.-Colonel W. Oake and Brigadier T. Mundy represented The Salvation Army at the funeral service.

The Government Calls For Day of Prayer SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

THE Commissioner has received a telegram from the Acting Under Secretary of State, Mr. W. P. J. O'Meara, stating:—

"A proclamation is being issued setting apart Sunday, September 3, to be in Canada a day of humble prayer and intercession to Almighty God. The Government will be grateful if you will co-operate and if, so far as may be possible, notice of this Day of Prayer may be given at services on Sunday, August 27, or earlier."

The Commissioner has replied that The Salvation Army will happily co-operate.



Commissioner Maxwell's fifty years of service as an Army Officer were marked recently by the presentation of the Long Service Medal. The Chief of the Staff presided over the brief ceremony in the presence of the International Training College staff and Cadets and spoke of the Commissioner's long and varied service.

The Commissioner was at one time the Territorial Commander in Canada.

While in South Bend, Ind., recently, Major Clinton Eacott enrolled as a Soldier of The Salvation Army, Captain Thomas Kung of the Chinese Army Transport Division. In May, 1943, the Major had placed the Captain on the Recruits' Roll of the Chungking, West China, Corps. The reunion of this courageous Chinese Salvationist and the Major, the first Salvationist he had known, was a very happy occasion.

Among recent visitors at Territorial Headquarters were Lieut.-Colonel James Murphy, Eastern Michigan Divisional Commander, and Brigadier S. Hepburn, South Eastern Pennsylvania Divisional Commander.

Adjutant I. Halsey, Medicine Hat, Alta., and Captain E. Halsey, Regina, Sask., Citadel, have been bereaved of their father who passed away in Victoria, B.C.

Adjutant and Mrs. Clarence Pye, Long Pond, Nfld., have welcomed a baby girl, Fronie Ella Maxine, to their quarters.

Bandsman Gordon Coles, of Harrow, son of Lieut.-Colonel Bramwell Coles who, for several years, was a member of the Editorial Department, Toronto, has written his first postcard from Japan to say that he is well.

Word has been received that the brother of Captain Helen Collard, Logan Avenue, Winnipeg, Man., was killed in action in the Normandy advance. He was twenty-four years of age.

Lieutenant Janet Ferguson, Indian Head, Saskatchewan, has been bereaved of her mother who recently passed away in the Old Land.

OLD YORKVILLE'S SIXTIETH

IN connection with Yorkville's forthcoming Diamond Jubilee meetings, to be conducted by the Territorial Commander, Commissioner B. Orames, during the week-end, September 23-25, an attractive souvenir brochure has been prepared. The Corps Officer, Major H. Ashby, states that these are obtainable at twenty-five cents each.

BIBLE WORDS

Learn Their Pronunciation, Meaning and Reference

Conformable (Phil. 3:10)—*Kon-for'-ma-bl* (first o clipped-short as in connect, second as in orb, a as in sofa).

Its Latin elements, *con*, "with," and *formare*, "to shape," correspond exactly with the Greek of the original text. A word of the sort fits the liking of the scholarly old translators. Wycliffe, the earliest of them, is perhaps unjustifiably simple with "to be made like his death." Tyndale is literal with "conformable unto"; and the Authorized Version stays with him.

Determinate (Acts 2:23) — *De-tur'-mi-nat* (e quick-long as in debate, u as in urn, i clipped-short as in charity, a quick-long as in chaotic).

Refers to something planned beforehand and meant to hold. A fair synonym is "settled," going as far back as Chaucer's time and still available for formal discourse. The original Greek phrase of Acts 2:23 could be turned, "by design marked out for himself." Tyndale renders, "by determinate counsel"; other old translators copy him.

Heresy (Acts 24:14) — *Her'-e-si* (first e short, second clipped-short as in silent, i short).

A Greek word which is taken over early into ecclesiastical Latin and some time about the thirteenth century is adopted, with mere change of ending, into English. Back in the ancient tongue it has the meaning of "choice" or "preference." In the Greek New Testament it seemed to signify "party," or "sect."

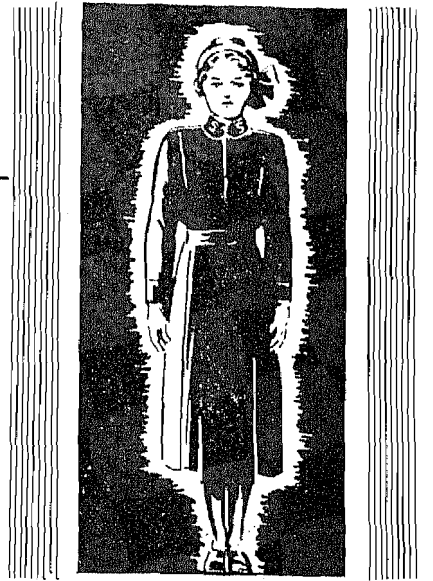
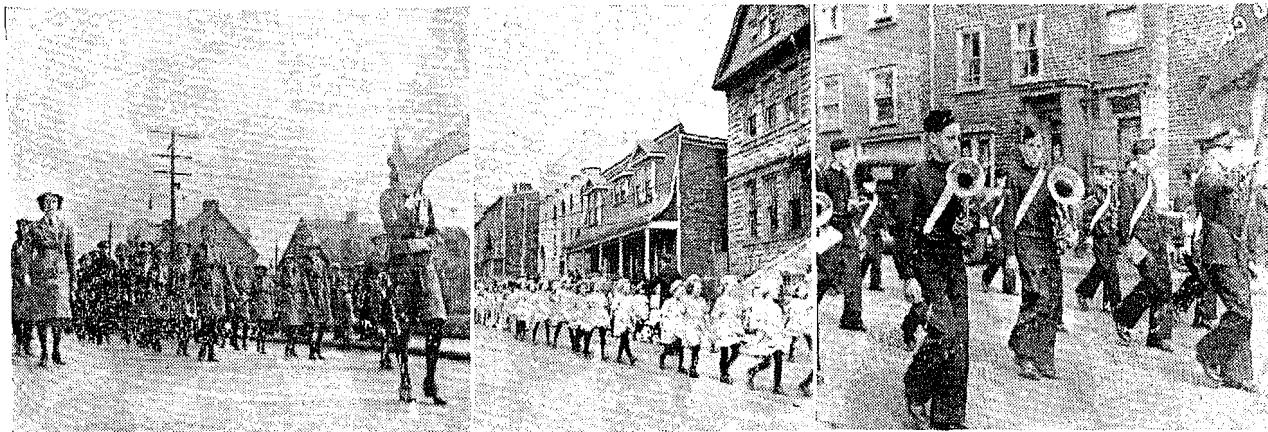
GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

A Question and Thirteen Answers

WHAT is your idea of Good Sportsmanship? Here are the answers of thirteen Scouts exactly as they gave them:

1. Winning well and losing better.
2. Being able to take it when you lose.
3. Don't brag or boast when you win.
4. Cheer the winners when your team loses.
5. Agreeing with the referee.
6. Pat the losers on the back and wish them luck.
7. Don't be a sorehead if you lose. Lose with a smile even if you feel bad inside.
8. Play fair and put all you've got into it.
9. Don't use your heavier weight against a smaller player.
10. Don't call people cheaters who beat you.
11. If you see a chance to win by cheating, don't do it.
12. Play hard right to the end, whether you're winning or losing.
13. Be glad to share your sports equipment with others.

NEWFOUNDLAND YOUTH IS ON THE MARCH!



A RIGID TEST

And How It May Be Survived

A RELATIVELY new science, electroencephalography, has been utilized to learn about the "brain waves" of the airmen.

The brain, like all nervous tissues of the body, gives rise to electrical potentials which can be "led off" from the scalp by means of silver electrodes and amplified through vacuum tubes and recorded on moving paper by ink-writing pens attached to an oscillograph.

The electroencephalograph, in general, is to the brain what the electrocardiograph is to the heart.

BE ON YOUR GUARD

GUARD well your heart
With all your heart
Each moment of the day,
And there pluck out
Each weedy sprout
That comes, without delay:
For let alone
It soon is grown
Too great to cast away.
So guard the heart
With all your heart
And unrelenting care;
A petty sin
Once entered in
Will spread its poison there.

Gwynn McLendon.

The "brain wave" study is correlated with the practical work of the airmen as they go through their training, but the clinical unit employs the electrocardiogram, which produces a graphic record of the electrical activities of the heart.

If this be necessary for physical combat, how much more is it necessary for that more subtle and deadly spiritual warfare in which each must triumph or be eternally lost.

The issues are so great that our spiritual impulses should frequently be determined by unflinching Bible standards. Otherwise we may "crack-up" in an enemy encounter; endangering our own life and the lives of those who work with us.

Not only scenes but significance also was photographed when The War Cry camera caught these St. John's, Nfld., Congress shots. (Left) The Life-Saving Congress make a creditable showing. (Centre) And their little sisters, the Sunbeams, are not to be outdone. (Right) With colors waving proudly the Young People's Band steps out briskly. All of these sections have increased astonishingly within the past two or three years

A PAGE FOR

Young People

UNDER CONTROL

"Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

2 Cor. 10:5.

"CONTROL" is a word around which there is going to be much talking, and not a little fighting, in days to come. The sides are lining up. Where shall control begin and end?

Few of us took naturally to control when we were children, but most of us accepted it when we reached more mature years, knowing it to be our Salvation.

When Paul said, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection," he meant that by admitting control he was directing the powers and passions of his body and mind into a narrower channel, and thus making them a more dynamic force. The same is meant by Peter when he says, "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind."

We owe much to scientists for the forces they have brought into captivity. If we are still children, morally and spiritually, so that we cannot be trusted with the things placed at our disposal, we cannot blame the scientists, or God who, in sending Jesus, showed men how they might become the grown-up sons of God.

Growing-up should involve bringing the powers of mind and body under control in contrast with the impulses and "odds and ends" of childhood and youth. If, spurning our opportunities for learning these lessons, we grow up ignorant, God can only leave us to learn by bitter anguish instead of by love.

It is possible for us to allow the powers within us to go to waste or be spent without disciplined direction, like a thunderstorm, causing damage to many things which have been built up in better days. Or shall we, like the scientists, bring such forces into captivity, turning them to light and power?

Some of us have seen the tremendous powers and passions of men without God brought into captivity by Christ and becoming driving forces for good.

God not only wants us to bring into captivity the known forces of our lives, but also to seek and find those latent forces that are within us and apply them to the extension of His Kingdom. "I being in the way, the Lord led me." A searcher puts himself "in the way" and new discoveries are made.

Professor Alexander Fleming was studying bacteria on plates in his laboratory, when through the open window, on a puff of wind, came the tiny mould-spore which was to change modern medicine. The spore drifted on to one of the bacteria plates and the bacteria around the germinating mould-spore died.

The Professor was "in the way," searching to bring into captivity a force, and God replied with penicillin!

We would make immense discoveries if we brought every thought into captivity and obedience to Christ!—Brigadier Fred Stoker in the London War Cry.

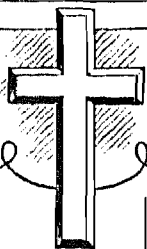
Real Religion Is a Happy Thing!

HAPPINESS comes through the way of fine character; above all, it comes from a truly religious experience—it comes from having a real God at the back of us as the support in all we will, or can, ever meet. Real religion is a happy thing. It is a life lived in the company, and under the protection and help, of the Creator Father.

If that is not sufficient security in all things, there is nothing beyond. But millions have found it more than enough, found it all-embracing, and thousands have gone Home by martyr fires with a glory-song of praise to God upon their lips.

Sorrow is not necessarily unhappiness. Sorrow borne with Christ as your Companion is one thing, and the sorrow of the world is quite another thing. What dire sorrow belonged to Jesus when He offered peace to His followers? He was in the trough of the waves. He offered them His Own peace. And they had it, too, right on to the end.

Jesus offers peace to us all now, whatever our circumstances may be. Take it. Never try to bear your burden alone any more. For He is touched with the feeling of your infirmities. All that is His may be yours. And He cries: "My peace I give unto you." That means happiness in everything, and all the time.—*Sunday Companion*.



Promoted To Glory

SERGEANT-MAJOR H. ALCOCK

Sydney Mines, N.S.

A veteran Salvationist in the person of Sergeant-Major Alcock, born in 1883, recently passed to his Eternal Reward after having been a Salvationist for many years.

This comrade was a native of Newfoundland, but later moved to New Glasgow, N.S., where he held the position of Sergeant-Major. In 1904 he moved to Sydney Mines and again accepted the same position in the Corps.

Although confined to the house during his latter years his faith never wavered.

A large crowd attended the funeral service which was conducted by the Corps Officer, Captain Crowell, who was assisted by the Officers of the Island and

SISTER MRS. CHITTENDEN

London Citadel, Ont.

Sister Mrs. Chittenden, a resident of London, Ont., for more than forty years, and a Salvationist since the age of seventeen, recently was promoted to Glory after a brief illness. She was held in high esteem by her comrades, her consistent Christian life being a constant witness for her Master.

The funeral service was conducted by the Corps Officer, Adjutant T. Ellwood, who was assisted by the Rev. S. E. Larman. On the following Sunday night reference was made to the promoted comrade's life and service for God.

Surviving are three daughters, Nellie and Eva in London, and Mrs. Captain F. Wren, in Sydney, N.S.

by Rev. Howlett of Wisconsin. During the meeting tribute was paid to the departed comrade's life of sacrifice and service by Brother A. Snow.



Sister Mrs. George Fear-nall (nee Elsie Gray, of Sarnia, Ont.) who recently was promoted to Glory from Windsor Corps

LATE OPEN-AIR MEETINGS

Saturday night open-air meetings, conducted on the Market Square by Major and Mrs. Morrison and comrades of Winnipeg Citadel, are attracting many listeners. Late Sunday night open-air meetings also are listened to by hundreds.

The infant daughter of L.A.C. William Belton and Mrs. Belton was dedicated by Major Morrison in a recent Sunday morning meeting. Sister Mrs. Belton, grandmother of the baby, gave a gripping testimony.

Several out-of-town visitors attended the Salvation meeting, one of them being Sister Mrs. Doidge of Vancouver Citadel. Captain W. Nash, a former Bandsman but now the Corps Officer at Brainerd, Minn., was in charge of a recent Sunday night open-air meeting.

OFFICERS WELCOMED

Major and Mrs. Pretty were welcomed to the Adelaide Street, Saint John, N.B., Corps in a meeting led by Sergeant-Major C. Simmons. Major and Mrs. Howlett, of the War Services, and Adjutant Bursey, of the Public Relations Department, also took part. Representatives of the various branches of the Corps spoke.

We Miss You!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend and, so far as is possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with enquiry to help defray expenses.

Address all communications to the Men's Social Service Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 1, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

BARKER, Robert — Formerly Bandmaster with The Salvation Army in Toronto. Now aged about 62. Builder or carpenter by trade. Letter from Australia awaiting his response. M5579

MERRITT, George Arthur — Single; aged about 50; brown hair; fair complexion. Born in London, England. Last heard of 24 years ago. Former merchant seaman. Brother anxious to contact. M5567

WILKINSON, Robert Jeffers — Born in 1879, July 21, at Belleville, Ontario. Height 5 ft. 7 ins. or 8 ins; brown eyes and hair. Was formerly employed with C.N.R. and C.P.R. as switchman. Information concerning this man wanted in connection with estate. M5549

STEFFLER, Mrs. Annie and Miss Hilda — Formerly of Roblin, Man., and believed to have been connected with The Salvation Army at one time. Believed to have gone to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Wanted with regard to inheritance. W2929

VANCOUVER VICTORIES

Major and Mrs. John Steele, who are in charge of the Red Shield War Services on the Pacific Coast, conducted the meetings on a recent week-end at Vancouver II. In the Holiness meeting the presence of the Holy Spirit was realized as the message was given under His unction and inspiration. In the meeting Major O'Donnell, the Corps Officer, dedicated the infant daughter of Brother and Sister Hawthorne.

The large audience was aware of the presence of God throughout the Salvation meeting. Soulful music and singing by the Band and Songster Brigade paved the way for the Major's message, as he vividly portrayed God's great love for fallen man.

On the following week-end Major Mercer, Divisional Young People's Secretary, and Mrs. Mercer, with Major Hurd (R) led the meeting. In the Holiness meeting Major Hurd gave an inspiring message on the guiding hand of God, and in the afternoon spoke on his Salvation Army experiences.

"Sin Leaves Its Mark" was the theme of the Major's evening Salvation message. Other recent speakers have been Major (Continued foot column 5)

FISHERMEN LISTEN

Sunday evening open-air meetings, conducted at the Glace Bay, N.S., wharf, by the Corps Officers, Major and Mrs. W. Hillier, are attended by large numbers of sword fishermen who are in town preparing for the

Why Not Join the SWORD & SHIELD BRIGADE?

DAILY BIBLE PORTIONS

Praise and Thanksgiving

Tues., Sept. 5.....Psa. 145:1-10
Wed., Sept. 6.....Psa. 145:11-21
Thurs., Sept. 7.....Psa. 146:1-10
Fri., Sept. 8.....Psa. 147:1-20
Sat., Sept. 9.....Luke 2:25-38
Sun., Sept. 10.....Isa. 6:1-8
Mon., Sept. 11.....Eph. 5:20; Phil. 4:1-8

PRAYER SUBJECT

An Outpouring of the Holy Spirit

Particulars regarding the Sword and Shield Brigade may be obtained from your Divisional Commander, or direct from Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

voyage. Many of them follow to the indoor meetings.

Major T. P. Robbins, of Newfoundland, was a speaker on a recent Sunday. Other visitors who took part on various occasions were Bandsman F. Boycott, R.C.A.F., and Sister M. Parsons, of Galt, Ont. Bandsman A. DeJee has returned from New Glasgow to take his place in the Corps Band.

A picnic at a nearby summer resort was greatly enjoyed by the Home League members.

GIVE GOOD SERVICE

Assisting Sergeant-Major A. King with the meetings in Kitchener, Ont., were Captain DeVries, Mrs. MacIntyre, a local business woman, and a Christian organization known as the Kitchener Nightingale Chorus. All the meetings were well attended.

Among the visitors whose presence at open-air meetings was appreciated were the Jeffery brothers, former Bandsmen of the Corps, who are now in the Navy. New comrades recently welcomed were Brother and Sister Pitcher and their family, from St. John's II, Nfld., and Sister Mrs. Elles, from St. John's Temple.

The Band has given good service by playing outside local hospitals and on one occasion to a large crowd in Victoria Park where sound equipment had been provided by the city.

Advances in the Young People's Corps include the enrolment of a Junior Soldier and the acceptance of three new Corps Cadets.

(Continued from column 4) and Mrs. Thierstein and Major McKinley of the War Services.

Lieut. - Colonel Junker, Divisional Commander, conducted the week-end meetings. The Corps Officer, Major O'Donnell, has undergone a serious operation and is still in hospital

Daily Devotional Reading Books

by

J. R. MILLER, D.D.

COME YE APART. This book of a year's daily readings covers the earthly life of Christ from its beginning to its close. The author's aim has been to put a life-thought on each page, containing a suggestion of duty, encouragement or comfort.

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THE TRADE SECRETARY

20 Albert Street,

Toronto 1, Ont.



UNITED STATES VISITORS

Major and Mrs. F. Fox, of Washington, D.C., and Captain and Mrs. F. White, of Dallas, Tex., were speakers at a recent Sunday night meeting at Parliament Street, Toronto (Captain and Mrs. Turnbull). The Hall, newly decorated, was crowded. After a period of hearty congregational singing and two quartet items by the visitors, Major Fox brought a striking message on "The Red Robe," which resulted in a man coming from the back of the Hall to seek Christ at the Mercy-Seat.

A Sunday or two before, a brother who had been a regular attendant at the meetings for several months, told of having given himself to God in his own home. The occasion was the first time in fifty years that he had witnessed for Christ.

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

Between sixty and seventy girls and boys took advantage of a Vacation Bible School operated in Cobourg, Ont., for ten days by the Corps Officers, Captain V. Greenwood and Lieutenant J. Morrison. Classes in handicraft, sewing, woodwork and Bible study were held.

The closing program was piloted by Mr. Fred Dodge, Home Front Campaign Chairman.

Captain Greenwood, Lieutenant Morrison, helpers and students at Cobourg Vacation Bible School. Mr. Fred Dodge stands at extreme right



Captain O. Phippen, Lieutenant J. Delamont and London 11 Scout Troop. Scout-leader W. J. Blair and several boys were absent when photo was taken (Report in col. 1)

YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

ONE of the marks of Puritanism, Macaulay points out, was a deep sense of individual responsibility to God. They regarded themselves as instruments of the divine purpose, and I believe it was this which gave their lives such high and solemn dignity. They dare not fail God. They were links in a chain, pieces in a plan, and they feared lest they might be a missing piece. With Wesley they would say—

A charge to keep I have,

A God to glorify;

A never-dying soul to save

And fit it for the sky.

To serve my present age,

My calling to fulfil.

Oh, may it all my powers engage,

To do my Master's Will.

George Eliot expresses the same truth when she makes Stradivarius say concerning his violin, that while God gives men skill to play, He would be at fault for violins but for Stradivarius—then, "if my hand slacked . . . I should rob God." If my hand slacked! Oh! if only we realized that we each have a place in the Eternal Purpose of God, a place in the Redeemer's love, in the Church's witness, and in the endless conflict between light and darkness, good and evil, then we should grasp the truth that if "we are absent" without excuse, we are robbing God, hindering the Kingdom and adding to the confusion of the world. Think of those who may be impoverished, of those who will miss our example, influence and service, if we are not there! Think, too, of the benediction we shall miss when the conflict is over and our Lord comes to reign in glory and power!—H. G. Doel.

THE MODEL CORPS

A BIBLE STUDY

A united Corps—Acts 1:14.
A praying Corps—Acts 1:14.
A Spirit-filled Corps—Acts 2:4.
A witnessing Corps—Acts 2:14-40.
A growing Corps—Acts 2:47.
A sacrificing Corps—Acts 2:44-45.
A respected Corps—Acts 2:47.
—The Crusader.

GOD'S LABORERS

By AGNES COWAN SNIDER

IF our life work for God is to amount to anything on that great day of testing, it must conform to the standards which He has given. I have often noticed how carpenters and builders frequently consult the blueprint which has been given them as a guide in the construction of the building.

The Word of God is our blueprint, and if we adhere to the principles and commands which He has laid down, all will be well in time and eternity. There are several things which He has enjoined if we are to finish well. We find in 2 Timothy 2:20, 21, "But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honor,

and some to dishonor. If a man therefore purge himself from these vessels of dishonor, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." There must be a complete separation from all known wrong, and the motives must be pure.

In 1 Corinthians 3:12-15, He tells us, "Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is; if any man's work abide, which he has built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

Oh, the mercy and kindness of God to his poor, failing children. Even if the works are but wood, hay and stubble, and we are all destroyed, so that naught but ashes remain, He will not destroy them, but promises, "He himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." If we judge ourselves, we shall not be condemned with the world.

Like a mother of whom we read: Her little girl had picked up her mother's knitting and, trying to be helpful, had spoiled the work. But the mother made this kind comment, "Dear child, she wanted to help me; I knew 'twas the best she could do. But, oh, what a botch she made of it, the gray mismatching the blue."

The judgment fires will not only destroy wood, hay and stubble, but the dross will be separated from the gold and silver, and even the precious stones cannot stand too intense a heat. May God help us to heed how we build thereon.

*"He is coming, oh, how solemn,
When the Judge's voice is heard;
And His own light He shows us,*

GEMS OF THOUGHT

WHEN Christ met His disciples on the shore, after they had toiled all night, and had taken nothing, He said, "Launch out into the deep." And they did so, and their nets were filled. We hesitate to attempt big things. We fear to launch out into the deep. We are miserably content to jog along in the "old-time way."

Rev. R. P. Anderson.

ALL the faculties of man must be exerted in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralyzed.—Coleridge.

DO not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have Him to fall back upon?

George Macdonald.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives, Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

YOU cannot find a Christian on the face of the earth that will not tell you that what he gave up for Christ was nothing to what he got.—R. A. Torrey.

*Every thought and act and word.
Deeds of merit, as we thought them,
He will show us were but sin;
Little acts we had forgotten,
He will tell us were for Him."*

We are great people to work for God; let us see to it that all our works are wrought in God and for His glory alone, and not have to confess on a deathbed, as I heard one poor sister do, "All I have ever done has been for show."

The Sacrament of Work

UPON thy bended knees
thank God for work,
Work — once man's penance,
now his high reward!
For work to do and strength
to do the work,
We thank Thee, Lord!

Since outcast Adam toiled to
make a home,
The primal curse a blessing
has become,
Man in his toil finds recompense
for loss;
A workless world had known
no Christ nor Cross.

A toiler with His hands was
God's own Son;
Like His, to Him be all thy
work well done.
None so forlorn as he that hath
no work,
None so abject as he that
work doth shirk.

—John Oxenham.

On The Air

TUNE IN ON THESE
INSPIRATIONAL
BROADCASTS

The Editor should be advised of any change in Corps broadcasting schedules so that this column may be kept accurate.

BRANTFORD, Ont.—CKPC (1380 kilos.) Every Sunday from 9.30 a.m. to 10 a.m. (E.D.T.), a broadcast by the Citadel Band.

CALGARY, Alta.—CJCL (700 kilos.) Every Monday from 2.30 p.m. to 2.45 p.m. (M.D.T.). "Sacred Moments," a devotional program conducted by the Officers of the Hillhurst Corps.

CAMPBELLTON, N.B.—CKNB (950 kilos.) Each Monday and Friday from 8.45 a.m. to 9.00 a.m. (A.V.T.), "Your Daily Meditation," conducted by the Corps Officer.

CHATHAM, Ont.—CFCO (630 kilos.) A broadcast by the Citadel Corps from 1.45 to 2.30 p.m. (E.D.T.), Sunday, Sept. 17, October 15, November 12, December 10.

CHATHAM, Ont.—CFCO (630 kilos.) Every Tuesday from 8.45 a.m. to 9 a.m. (E.D.T.), a devotional broadcast conducted by the Corps Officer. Each Wednesday from 5.30 p.m. to 5.45 p.m., and each Friday from 8.00 p.m. to 8.15 p.m., "A Salvation Army Broadcast" of recordings.

GRAND PRAIRIE, Alta.—CFGP (1340 kilos.) "Morning Meditations," Each Thursday from 9.00 a.m. to 9.30 a.m. (M.D.T.), a devotional period of music and song led by the Corps Officers.

HALIFAX, N.S.—CHNS (930 kilos.) Every Wednesday from 9.00 a.m. to 9.15 a.m. (A.D.T.), "Morning Devotions."

KENORA, Ont.—(1220 kilos.) Every Wednesday from 5.30 p.m. to 5.45 p.m., a program for young people, conducted by the Corps Officers.

KINGSTON, Ont.—(960 kilos.) Each Sunday from 6.00 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. (E.D.T.), "Salvation Melodies," a broadcast of devotional music and message by the local Corps.

NORTH BAY, Ont.—CFCH (1230 kilos.) "Morning Devotions," every Monday beginning at 9.05 a.m. (E.D.T.), conducted by Adjutant H. Majury.

PARRY SOUND, Ont.—CHPS (1460 kilos.) Each Sunday from 9.45 a.m. to 10.15 a.m. (E.D.T.), "Hymns by the Band."

PETERBORO, Ont.—CHEX (1430 kilos.) Each Sunday from 7.00 p.m. to 7.30 p.m. (E.D.T.), a broadcast by the Temple Corps.

PRINCE ALBERT, Sask.—CKBI (900 kilos.) "Morning Meditation," daily from 9.00 a.m. to 9.15 a.m. (M.D.T.), Monday to Friday, inclusive.

REGINA, Sask.—Each Sunday from 10.15 a.m. to 10.45 a.m. (M.D.T.), a devotional broadcast, including music and a message.

ROUYN—NORANDA—CKRN—CKVO—CHAD (1245 kilos.) Each Sunday from 9.30 a.m. to 10.00 a.m. (E.D.T.), Salvation Army Music and Song.

TIMMINS, Ont.—CKBG. Every Saturday from 11.00 a.m. to 11.15 a.m. (E.D.T.), a devotional period.

VANCOUVER, B.C.—CKMO. Each Sunday from 3.30 p.m. to 4.00 p.m. (P.T.), a program by the Mount Pleasant Corps broadcast from the Citadel.

Songs That Cheer

And Bless

"From the uttermost
part of the earth have
we heard songs."
Isa. 24:16.

SAVIOUR OF MINE

Andante e con espress. J = 104 Words and air by BANDSMAN ALEX. M. MACGREGOR (CANADA)

Key Ab

1 Out of the dust of de-feet and frustra-tion, Back to the joy of a full con-se-cra-tion;
2 All that the fu-ture may hold the con-fid-ing, In-to Thy hands Who art sure and a-bid-ing;
3 Others to win: Lord, be this my am-bi-tion, Since on the Tree Thou didst pur-chase remis-sion;
4 Help me to go to the lone and the griev-ing, Out of tem-pa-tion new vic-tory a-chiev-ing;

In-to the glo-ry of Thy ap-pro-ba-tion, I'm com-ing, Saviour of mine!
Where liv-ing wa-ters flow hence-forth re-sid-ing, I'm com-ing, Saviour of mine!
With heart a-wait-ing the Heav-en-ly vi-sion, I'm com-ing, Saviour of mine!
San-ci-ti-fied, serv-ing, and ful-ly be-liev-ing, I'm com-ing, Saviour of mine!

CHORUS Più mosso
Sav-our of mine, I would be Thine, All things that hinder Now I re-sign;
Sav-our of mine, I would be Thine, All things that hinder Now I re-sign;
Mould me a-new to Thy perfect de-sign; Out of my yielded heart, Lord Jesus shine!
Mould me a-new to Thy perfect de-sign; Out of my yielded heart, Lord Jesus shine!

From the May-June, 1944, Musical Salvationist.



Divine Worker

Tune: "What a Friend"

JESUS, Thou divine Companion,
By Thy lowly human birth
Thou hast come to join the workers,
Burden-bearers of the earth.
Thou, the Carpenter of Nazareth,
Toiling for Thy daily food,
By Thy patience and Thy courage,
Thou hast taught us toil is good.

They who tread the path of labor
Follow where Thy feet have trod;
They who work without complaining
Do the holy will of God.
Thou, the peace that passeth knowledge,
Dwellest in the daily strife;
Thou, the Bread of heaven, art broken
In the sacrament of life.

Every task, however simple,
Sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and kindness
Done to man is done to Thee.
Jesus, Thou divine Companion,
Help us all to work our best;
Bless us in our daily labor,
Lead us to our Sabbath rest.
—Henry Van Dyke.

I BRING MY ALL

I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee;
I wish 'twere more, but all my store
I bring just now to Thee.
I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee;
Thou wilt, I feel, Thy promise seal,
And give Thyself to me.

Lord, It Belongs Not To My Care

(No 858 in The Salvation Army
Song Book)

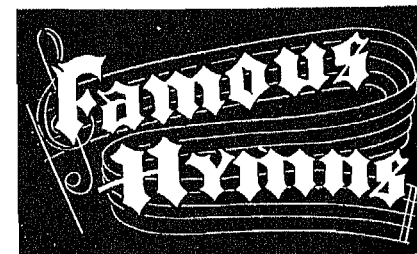
THE author, Rev. Richard Baxter, was born at Rowton, Shropshire, on November 12, 1615, and for a time held the mastership of the Dudley Grammar School. In 1640 he became Curate of Kidderminster, and subsequently was for some time chaplain to one of Cromwell's regiments, for he was always a Puritan. At the Restoration he became chaplain to Charles II, but was unhappy at the gay court. Offered the bishopric of Hereford, he refused it.

In or about 1673 he took out a license as a Nonconformist minister and commenced lecturing in London. In 1685, the infamous Judge Jeffreys condemned him to prison on a charge of sedition based upon his "Paraphrase of the New Testament." He was pardoned and released after eighteen months' confinement.

At one time he lived at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, where, he says, he lodged in a smoky farmhouse.

He died on December 8, 1691, his name illustrious among Nonconformists.

This song sometimes begins with the word "now." It was first pub-



lished in "Poetical Fragments: Heart Employment With God and Itself; the Concordant Discord of a Broken-Healed Heart," in 1681.

Everybody who knew him acknowledged his mental and moral grandeur. Matthew Henry was proud of this man's friendship; Dr. Samuel Johnson said of his works: "Read them all; they are all good"; and George MacDonald properly proclaimed him as "no mean poet."

Richard Baxter was indeed one of the most industrious men in literature. He produced no fewer than 168 volumes, a number of which, Borrow declares, were never surpassed. His biographer says, "He tells us that he knew nothing of low spirits or nervous depression, notwithstanding all his bodily sufferings. His hopes of Heaven and its blessedness were rarely clouded from the beginning to the end of his Christian course."

Mobile Music in the Front Lines



Enjoying a well-earned rest, these Canadian soldiers who have seen almost continuous action since D-day, relax in front of a mobile Salvation Army unit and enjoy a radio program